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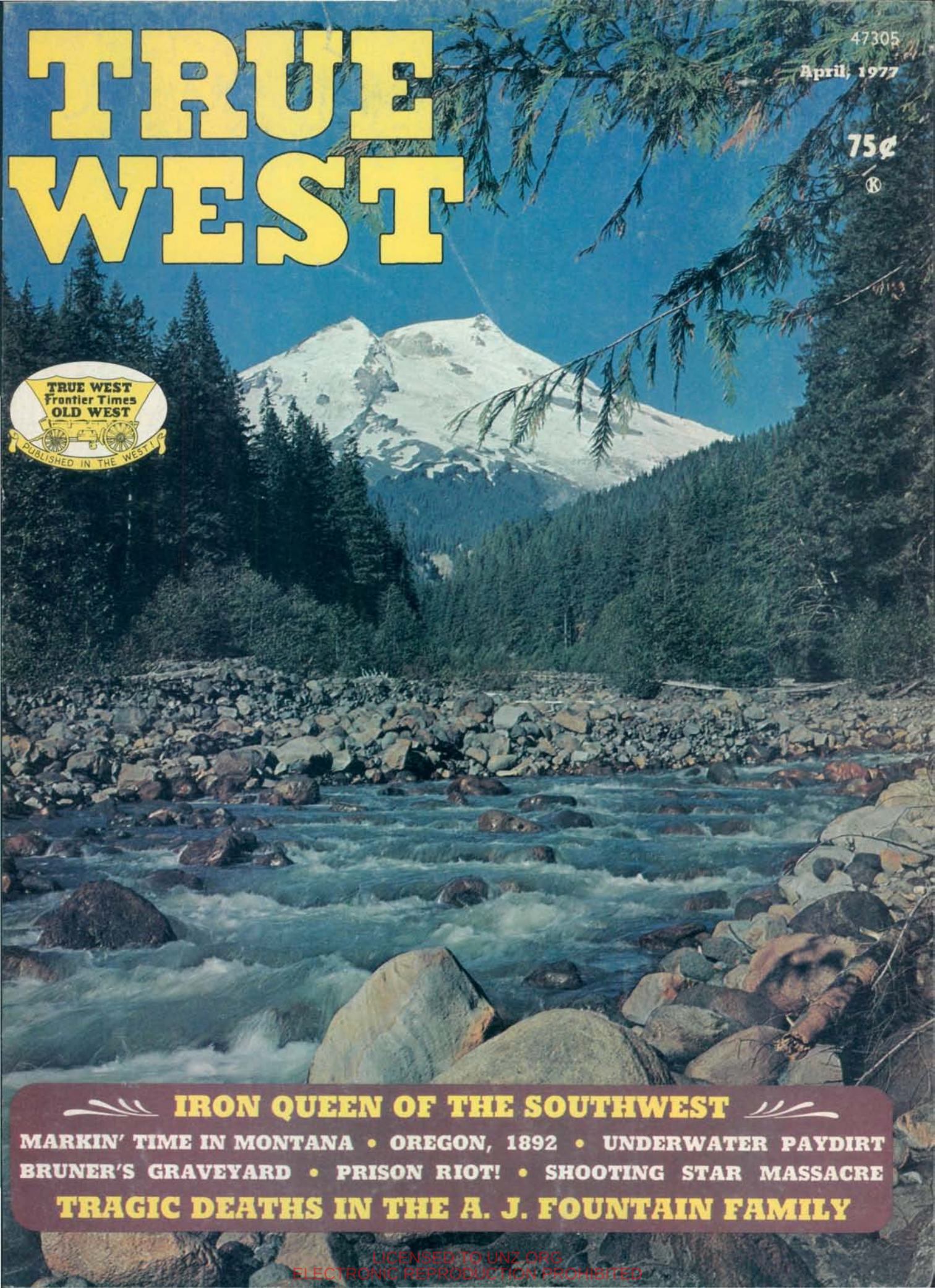

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This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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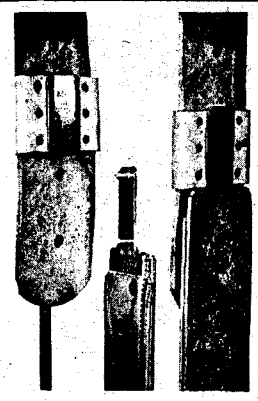

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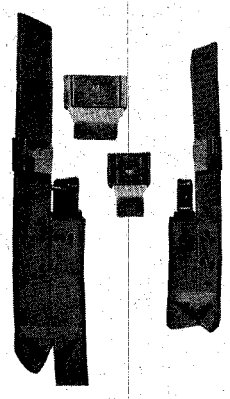

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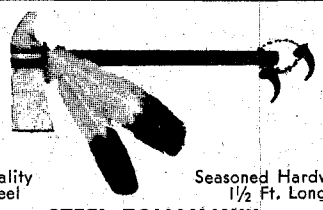

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True West

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TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS

PUBLISHING even one magazine is one dickens of a difficult and complex thing these days. Publishing *five* is chaotic! No one but a dad-burned fool (or a multi-millionaire!) would attempt such a thing. But whoever accused a publisher of being smart? It just might be a good time to explain this more-than-one-title thing since we have readers who tell us to combine all our magazines into one. That would cure many headaches, all right, and it would do something else—we would sell approximately one-third of the magazines we now sell on the newsstands. It would take a couple of hours to go into that one little "Why?" alone and I am not sure I know all the answers. It's a proven fact that you can sell so many copies of any one title on the newsstands. Put out another and you sell about the same amount; a third—ditto. There are definitely enough readers who want more than one magazine monthly, so if you don't have three or four titles on the stands they are going to read three or four others published by somebody else. Bernarr Macfadden operated on the theory that if you found a good field, you should throw in enough titles to discourage competition or you might wind up being the runt of the litter, having been forgotten completely as *being the one who created that particular field* or perhaps, in our case, being the one who created a different *angle* on what people knew as "the Western."

It would take nearly as many people to publish one magazine monthly as it takes to put out our four titles that appear on the newsstands. Even our simple bookkeeping shows only too plain that we wouldn't be here now if we weren't using the one editor, one publisher, one bookkeeper, one roof, etc. concept as an economy measure to get out several titles. It's the hard way to make a living—and even so, magazines keep falling out—to be replaced two-fold by publishers who are sure they have *the* formula. One thing we do know—our sales are 20% higher where there are no girlie magazines on the stands. Figure that one out for me.

NOW, about a cash offer. Anybody out there ever receive a personal check from Old Hosstail? I would like for you to write me in your own words any anecdote that has to do with animals seeing humor in a given situation. In short, do you think of humans as being the only creatures able to laugh? Discounting the obvious, such as the laughing hyena, loons and what we term laughing owls, do you know of an incident wherein any type animal seemed to get a kick out of some particular situation?

Fred Gipson told me one a long time ago. It was about a rancher who lived by a county road and owned two dogs. Every time a wagon or horseback rider came by with their dogs following, the rancher's little dog would run out, get in a fight and his big dog friend would enter in and bail him out. This particular little dog was sharp and had an irritating habit of rushing around the house and barking like he saw a whole parade coming down the road—at the time they were about to be fed out back by the rancher's wife. The big dog would follow to get in on the fun and the little dog would sneak back in a hurry and eat the food put out for both of them.

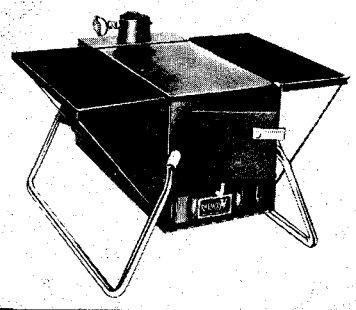
Finally, Old Big caught on and now comes the question of whether or not animals can think. One day when the little dog rushed out with his bristles up and got into a fight, Old Big stood quietly aside and let his little food-stealer friend get a sound whipping! The rancher told Fred that Old Big was smiling like a jackass eating briars, and even held his head up and whined a little in obvious enjoyment of the whole situation. Fred said the story may not prove a durn thing but at least it was true.

Okay, for each story like this that I actually use, I will send the writer a check for $10.00. I'll use your name as teller of the anecdote. I don't mean that they must be Old West circa or that we'll run them in *True West, Old West* or *Frontier Times*. I need a couple of good ones to finish an article I started a mighty long time ago—like twelve years if you can believe that! So the stories can be in any part of the country, any time up to right now. If I get too many for this particular project, I'll run the rest in an editorial. So don't be shy—send several if they are good.

As the old saying goes in contests, material can't be returned unless you send a stamped, addressed envelope and ask specifically for it to be returned. The first story received of any similar stories will be the one used and all that sort of stuff. I guess these contests folks got into a lot of trouble before they started making them kind of rules. Think hard along this line, talk to friends—any way you want to do it and don't think because you are not a "writer" that it makes one bit of difference—just put it down in your own words. Hope I get a flood of *good* ones.

Now, to another subject, briefly. As I have said before, it is like standing barefooted on a red ant hill, your eyes closed and waiting for the suckers to start stinging. At the time you read this we won't know whether we have made a good sale of our really BIG experiment, *The Best of True West*, or not. We crammed this one bursting full of good reading and if you missed it see page 55—we kept a copy for you!—Hosstail

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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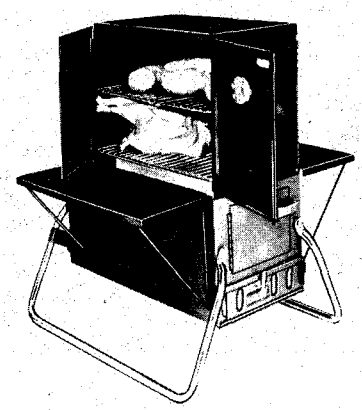

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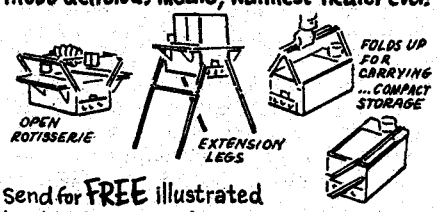

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Truly Western

Belle Starr Candy

I recently saw an August 1974 issue of *True West* with the article "Lute and Granny Jackson" by Lucien Jackson. Lute and Granny are my father and grandmother and I am very desirous of receiving copies of that particular issue.

You see, I grew up with the Belle Starr candy recipe told about in this story. In fact, it was among the first candy recipes I ever made. I was so small I had to stand on a box in front of the old wood-burning stove.

I not only want the magazine for personal reasons, but for another reason. The Long Beach Community Theatre is sponsoring a tour through my home this year. It is a fund raising affair to help support the Little Theatre. We also plan to hold a Bazaar and Bake Sale on my patio and we are featuring the Belle Starr Candy. So we have decided it would be very good publicity to have the magazine showing the article and copy of recipe on the candy table.—Ouida Jackson Hamilton, 7815 Timor Street, El Dorado Park Estates, Long Beach, California 90808

Excitement In Northwest Iowa

There is quite a sequel to my story, "A Gold Rush in the Corn Country" in the December 1976 issue of *True West*.

The Graettinger, Iowa paper carried a story on the front page advising readers that the story was in the current issue of the magazine. I got a telephone call from Doug Herke who lives on a farm formerly owned by his grandfather, A. G. Herke, where in 1921 the gold assayed at 64/100 of an ounce plus some silver to the ton. I drove over and chatted with him as he dug out some of the gold-bearing gravel and he told me an interesting tale.

"My grandfather had told me there was gold at this spot," he related. "And then an elderly gentleman visited with me and told me he could dowse for gold. He took a map of the farm and held it over a thing that looked like an automobile radio antenna only it was more flexible. At the tip was a ball that looked like an ornament off a Christmas tree.

"The thing swung all around, but when it came to the spot on the map indicating the spot my grandfather had pointed out to me it came down like a plumb bob!

"I didn't tell him he had found the spot and didn't betray my emotions. Then he went outside and walked the fields with four things that looked to me like tuning forks. When he approached the spot, they pointed to the exact place.

"Now I'm having an assay made," he said.

The Emmetsburg *Democrat*, Graettinger *Times* and Spencer *Daily Reporter* carried the story on their front pages. Excitement is building in northwest Iowa.—Don Buchan, Marathon, Iowa 50565

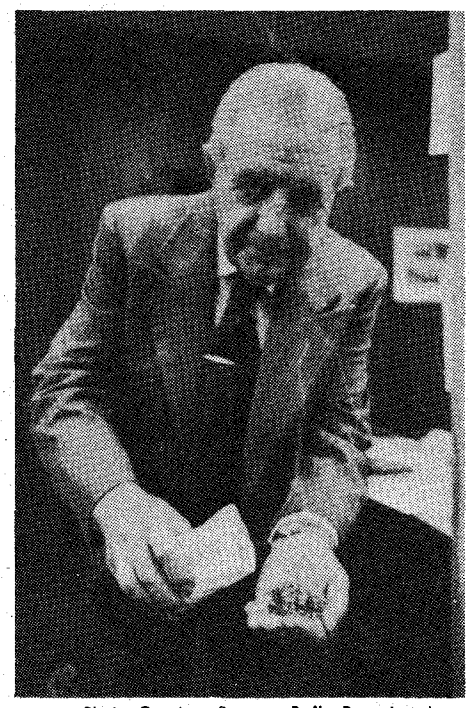

Photo Courtesy Spencer Daily Reporter, Iowa

Don Buchan displaying some of the gold-bearing gravel.

Oats for the Horses

In your October '76 issue you had an article on country dances. I remember them well. By the time I was in my teens, however, we had moved to town, and since my mother was convinced of the "evils" of dancing, I was not allowed to even attend high school parties.

Time passed and I married and moved to another small town in New Mexico. Word went out there was to be a dance at Mesa Redonda, five miles away, and I wanted to go very much. My husband was not in favor and I wanted to know why. I had been told that he was such a graceful dancer.

Finally Robert sat down and explained why he would never attend another country dance. This was his story:

A country dance some years before was announced and all preparations were being made. Robert had been asked to escort a girl who was visiting in the community. Her name was Sally.

Robert had a good team of horses and three seats were placed in the rig. Sally sat with Robert. Laughter ran high, but during a lull on the way Sally asked, "What is that under our feet?"

"Oats for the horses," Robert replied.

"Oats?" Sally asked. "This is the first time I ever heard of oats being carried in a jug!" Everyone laughed.

Later, at the dance, a stranger came in, but he was made welcome. He only stayed a short time. When he returned, one after another of the girls turned down his invitation to dance because of liquor on his breath. As the evening wore on, Sam, one of the dancers, went outside, followed by the stranger. The man said he had heard Sam warn a girl from dancing with him and wanted to know why. Sam replied that it was because the stranger had been drinking. A quarrel ensued, and some rough language was heard. All of the men started to run out to see what was the trouble, but the girls remained inside. About that time someone remarked, "I think 'Oats' spilled out of the jug."

All at once a shot was heard, and Sam was lying on the ground. Everyone looked for the sranger, but he was gone. Disappeared into the night. The fun had turned to tears, for Sam was loved by all. Besides his parents he had two sisters and a brother.

From then on, Robert would never go to another country dance, and many others quit attending too. So I could never go either. I often think about his story and others I have heard. Most folks only sought fun and laughter, but once the gunshots sounded, the dances ended for everyone.—May H. Dodson, 535 W.Broadway, Glendale, California 91204

Riding the Rails

As a 1931 sixteen-year-old runaway and hobo I really enjoyed "Rattlesnake Joe" in the December '76 issue of *True West*. I sent this magazine to my friend Tex Smith in Reno, Nevada. Even though Tex is ninety-two he looks like sixty-two and works like thirty-two. He is an ex-rodeo champ so some of your readers may remember him. Like me, he is also an ex-hobo, hobo jungle chef, and is still seen in the Reno casinos.

One time in Ogden, Utah I tried to catch a fast freight. I held on for a second with three fingers and dropped to the ground, skidding on the right side of my face and it took all the hide off the right side of my face. My partner thought I was dead but it didn't knock me out. Went to the emergency at the police station and was soon on my way to Kansas City. In a couple of weeks it was healed up and I was good as new.

When I read all the freight-train riding and hobo articles I am surprised that I never read a word about the Transient Camps of the Depression. These were where one could go and get his board and

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room from 50¢ to $3.00 a week. I stayed in one in Chicago and if my memory is accurate it was known as the Mary Dawes Hotel. There were two in the city of Denver, Colorado and one in the mountains near Denver. I was sent to the one in the mounains near Conifer, Colorado. Got a job as head waiter the day I arrived. My job was dining room supervisor. While most of the gang received $1 a week I received $2 a week, but my chief clerk friend, Patrick Cahill, received $3. The menu was hotcakes and macaroni—and macaroni and hotcakes. Would you believe I could spend a week end in Denver on $2? I could get a room for 20¢, breakfast for 15¢, and lunch or dinner for not over 25¢.

I was born so far back in the Ozark hills that I could not attend high school after eighth grade graduation. In the summer of 1931 I arrived in Pocatello, Idaho hungry and tired. Went to a house to ask for some food. The lady asked me about my folks. Well, I could think of a lie quicker than you could ask a question. I informed her they were dead. Then she asked the cause of death. That lie came just as easy as the first one. I informed her my mother died of cancer and a man killed my dad over an argument involving some fence that was down, and some cattle crossed on the wrong side. She informed me she had a brother near Mackay, Idaho who lived on a ranch and I could stay there.

I hitched a ride there and that fall I enrolled in high school and attended two years. In the summer of 1933 I enrolled in the CCC and was sent to a camp near Ketchum, Idaho. But two years later I was again on the road.—Willard E. Crawford, 1604 Sween Street, Oroville, California 95965

Let's Gripe Together Response

Just read your editorial in the December *True West*. Me, I am in the cattle ranching business. We had one raise in cattle prices in ten years—that was in 1973. The housewives howled too high. So the government let in more foreign meat and prices went to bedrock and a lot of people went broke.

Everything we ranchers and farmers buy has gone up three or four times. The only reason most of us can keep on operating is that land values keep on going up and the bankers will lend us more money.

Besides poor prices, every few years we have a rip snort of a blizzard that takes care of any surplus that we might have built up. As of now most of South Dakota is very dry. Some counties have moved seventy to eighty percent of their cattle either by selling or to other states for pasture. Sure is cold tonight—wind chill factor is 30 degrees below zero.

I've been taking your "rags" for several years and will keep on.—Leonard Linn, Dupree, South Dakota 57623

☆ ☆ ☆

I have the usual gripes. Taxes are too high, the value of my money is too low and the people who could do something about it aren't listening. Otherwise, I'm content and happy.

My grandfather was born in Lawrence, Kansas about 1870. He remembered the hardcases of the day. He gold mined in Alaska until he was fifty. He then moved to San Francisco and married my grandmother, Elizabeth MacDonald. Two daughters resulted from this late in life union. My grandfather's name was Richard Bergman. Sadly, I know very little about this man and am currently trying to learn more. He died at the age of eighty-six when I was in the fourth grade.—Philip Lo Giudice, 2858 Del Rio Drive, Stockton, California 95204

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1966 my husband Max was the only heavy equipment mechanic on the road for the second largest road construction company in this area (Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma). His gripe then was he didn't know of anybody worth $3.00 an hour wage! Then we moved to Minnesota in 1968 and he became a union member in carpenter work and drew $6.88 an hour. When he left, he and other union members were earning $8.88 an hour. Over $48 million sits on drawing boards from 1970—no money to start the building.

Well, Max is now trying to survive and support his family on $6.50 an hour (when there's *work*) as a self-employed carpenter/roofer. We're not making it

(Continued on page 36)

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Tragic Deaths In The

Until now the unsolved and unpunished murder of the Colonel and his son has eclipsed the ill luck of other household members...

Left: Marianne Fountain. Above Marianita Fountain Clausen. Below: Two small toys that belonged to little Henry Fountain.

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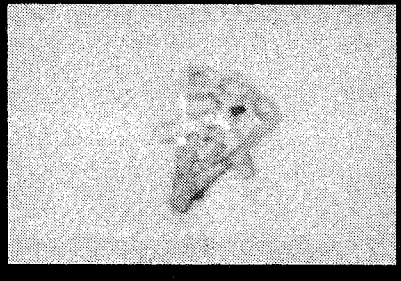
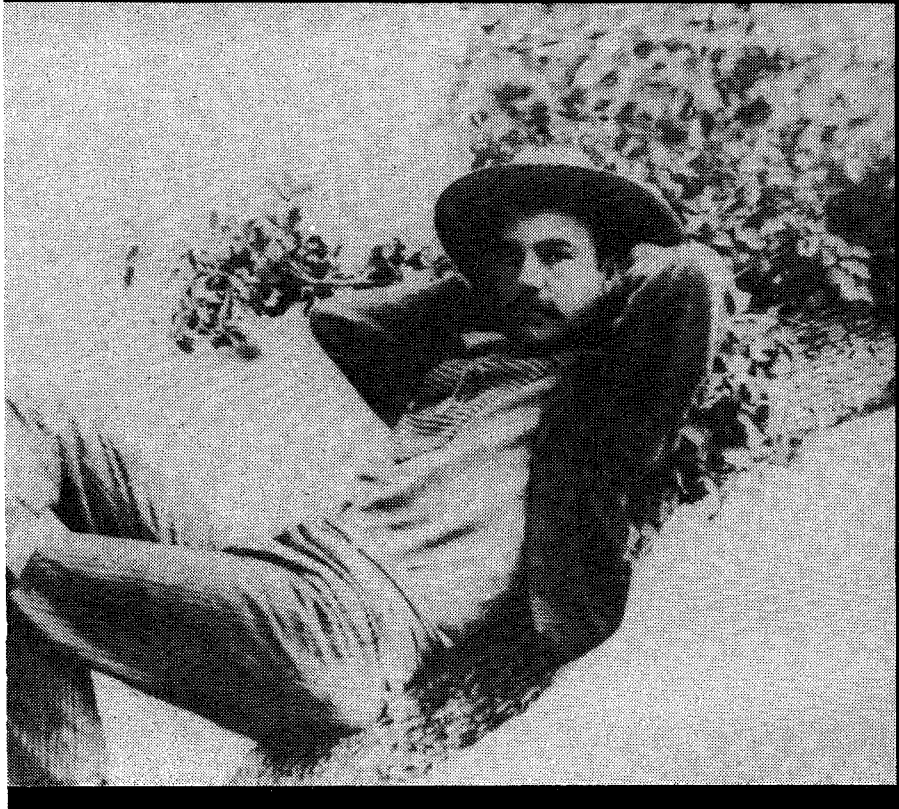
A. J. Fountain Family

BY GLADYS RODEHAVER

Photos Courtesy Author



Above: Masonic pin worn by the Colonel at the time of his disappearance. Right: Col. A. J. Fountain. Below: John "Jack" Fountain as he appeared before 1900.



TRAGIC DEATHS in frontier days were not uncommon, but seven of these blows fell on a small, sensitive lady named Marianne, and one of the tragedies is a well-known part of Southwestern history. Marianne was the wife of Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain.

Living in the small town of Mesilla, New Mexico, is a granddaughter of Marianne and Albert Fountain—Gloria Fountain Clayshulte. She is a daughter of their son John, and he was one of eight Fountain children. Gloria tells the story of the Fountain family as she heard it from her father. If there are discrepancies with other accounts, so be it; she tells it honestly as she remembers it.

Gloria's father John, or Jack as he was called, never got over the tragedy of his own father's murder. Through all of Gloria's early life she remembers his having melancholy spells, usually about the time of year his father was lost. Marianne had wanted Jack to go with Colonel Fountain on that fateful trip to Lincoln but a big dance was coming up and Jack, at twenty-one, was interested in good times and the girls, and declined to go. So little Henry was chosen to go instead, and Henry died instead of Gloria's father.

Jack probably thought he might have been able to help his father fight their way out somehow. And another burden he carried was the fact that he was never able to avenge his father's death. Fountain, who knew that he had many enemies, had once said to his wife Marianne, "One thing that keeps me alive and keeps me going is the assurance that if I am killed I have three sons who will avenge my death." Jack wanted to, and would have, but the murderers were never positively identified and, although he had his suspicions, he would never have killed anyone unless he was sure.

CONTRARY to some accounts, Gloria doesn't believe that the family had any intimation that her grandfather, Colonel Fountain, was in any particular danger in making the trip to Lincoln.

"Knowing my father," she said, "I do not believe that he would have refused to go if he had thought his father's life was in jeopardy. We also think that Grandmother Marianne would not have sent Henry along if trouble was suspected. They all adored little Henry, but even so, what mother would have sent an eight-year-old child into danger? Another reason, I think, that kept my father from getting over Grandfather's death is that the bodies or bones were never found. He would have felt better if they could have been given a decent burial. If the bones had been found, my father

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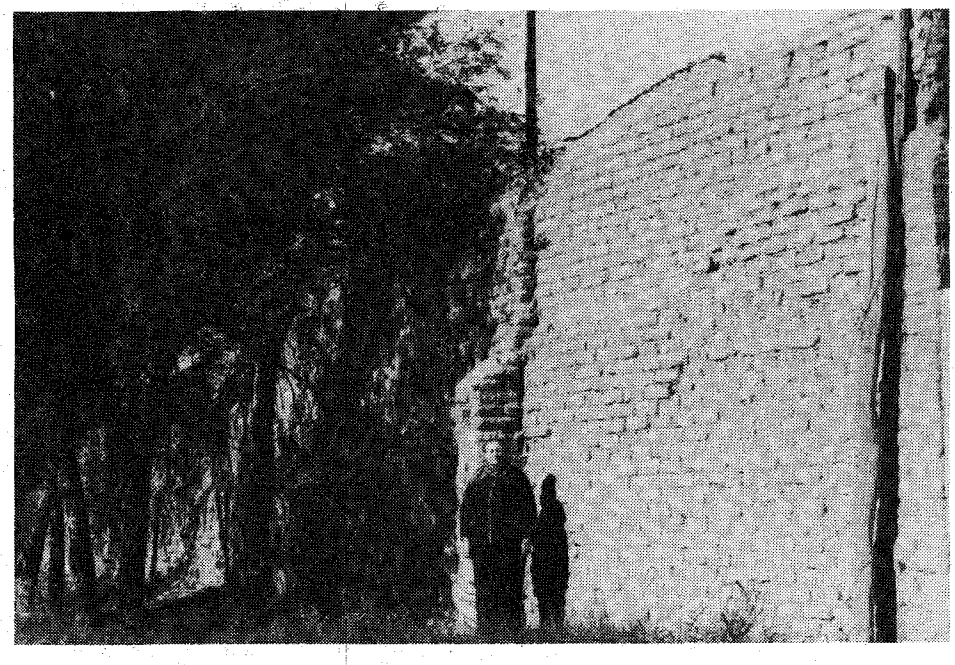


High wall in back of Fountain home in Mesilla. Mrs. Clayshulte is standing in front.

was quite sure he could have identified the dental work, and also he could have identified the Colonel's Masonic pin. It was unusual in that it was a combination of the Masonic emblem and the three links of the Odd Fellows. The pin did turn up mysteriously in 1946 and was given to the Fountain family, who pronounced it authentic, and it now is in a case in the Gadsden Museum with much other Fountain memorabilia, here in Mesilla."

Jack made this statement to the judge at the trial at Hillsboro in 1896: "Your honor, I am just a young boy, and haven't had much experience, but I will say that I never said I intended to kill any of these men (the men on trial: Lee, Gilliland and McNew), and don't say so now, though they deserve killing. If the court pleases to hear me I will state what I did say. I said if my father's bones were ever found and identified, and I think I know how to identify them positively, there is one man I would kill first, if I were not killed first."

The judge said, "Who is that man?" and Jack, pointing, said, "Albert Bacon Fall." A $500 peace bond was slapped on Jack Fountain.

When Jack made this statement the family got upset. Albert, being the oldest and having sort of taken over as head of the household, decided that Jack was too hot-headed and told him that he had to get out; so Jack did and went to Colorado and got a job. He never came back to Mesilla to live, and Gloria was raised in California with her two sisters and a brother. Jack did come home sometimes to visit his mother, Marianne.

"My father was married for eighteen years and they had no children. His wife died and he was in his forties when he married my mother, so we children by his second marriage are many years younger than our cousins. I, who am only fifty-two, am a granddaughter of A. J. Fountain who was fifty-nine in 1896."

Marianne was born in Durango, Mexico of Spanish parents. She had an older brother and younger sister and the family name was Perez De Ovante. Her father went into business with a partner hauling goods between Parral, Mexico and Kansas City, and he was killed somewhere on the lonely road through Mexico. This tragedy was number one in her life. The report was that he had been kicked in the head by a mule, but when Marianne's mother went to the partner asking for her share of the business she was told that there was none, that her husband had just been "working for" him. Gloria's family always felt that he was murdered by the partner and simply left lying on the road until someone came along and found him and brought him home. So Señora De Ovante was left penniless with three children. Somehow she made it to Franklin (El Paso), and was able to eke out a living there by doing laundry for the Civil War troops.

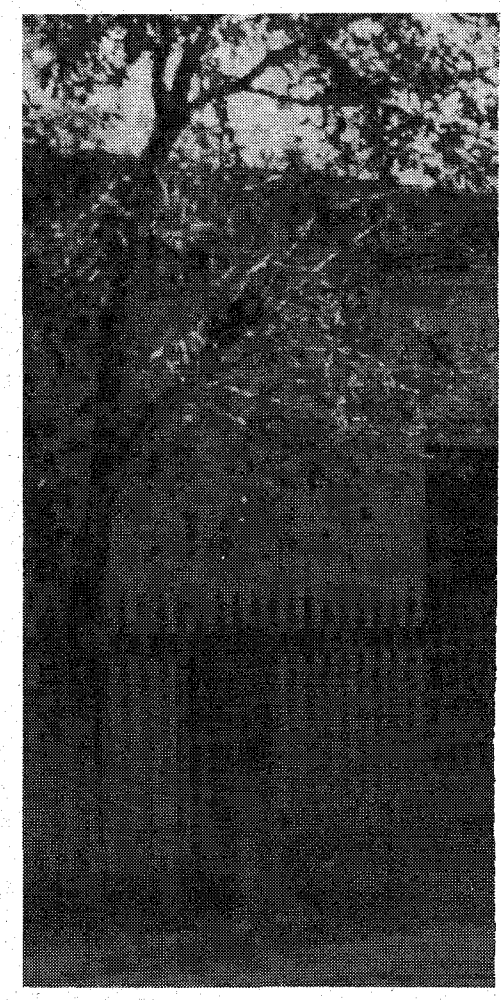
CORPORAL FOUNTAIN, who had come to this area with the California Column, got to know the impoverished family probably through Marianne's older brother; anyway it is said he married the little thirteen-year-old Marianne out of pity. This was in 1862 and he was twenty-four. It is doubtful if he loved her then, but he grew to love her very much, for he found her to be a sensitive and appealing person. She was very pretty too, with reddish, curly hair and green eyes and he was especially proud of her long hair. She had her faults, of course; she was high-strung and emotional, and as her family came along she was fiercely protective of them, but there is no record of her ever getting involved in her husband's affairs which were often turbulent.

In 1896, after thirty-four years of marriage, her husband and youngest son were killed. No one in the family uses the word "disappeared," although the bodies were never found. These were violent deaths number three and four. Death number two will be explained later.

Albert Jennings Fountain had been a soldier, Indian fighter and Texas senator. In the New Mexico territorial legislature, as a lawyer and politician, he repeatedly opposed Albert Bacon Fall, another giant of his time, and there was deep enmity between them. During the twelve years before he died, as U. S. District Attorney, Fountain had prosecuted cattle thieves and land-fraud agents, and this did not endear him to certain people. He had enemies all right, but he also had loyal friends and admirers. While he was in the Texas senate it was through his efforts that St. Clements Episcopal Church became the first Protestant church in El Paso. He brought clergyman Joseph W. Tays from Austin to be the first pastor; this was about 1870. Fountain was an Episcopalian but Marianne was a devout Catholic and the children were brought up as Catholics.

On February 1, 1896, returning to Las Cruces from Lincoln, where he had succeeded in indicting three men, Oliver Lee, Jim Gilliland and Bill McNew, for cattle rustling, he and his eight-year-old son, Henry disappeared, never to be seen again. Suspicion pointed to the three men just mentioned, and Pat Garrett had them brought to trial at Hillsboro, but they were acquitted.

Another Fountain tragedy which bears



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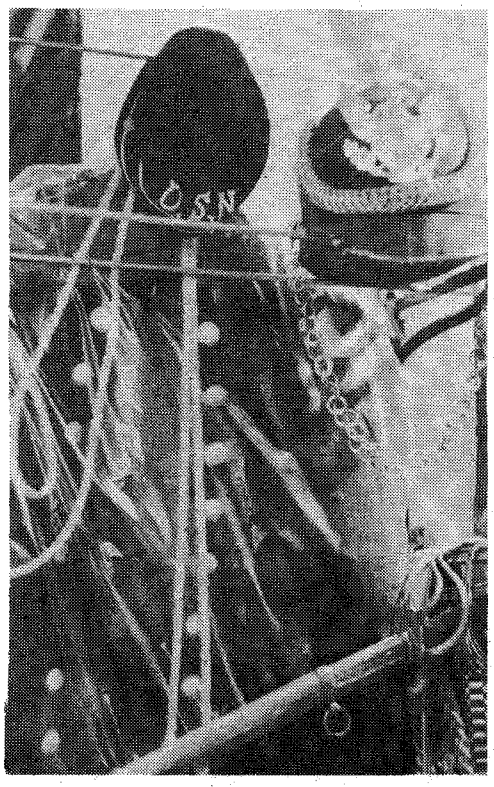
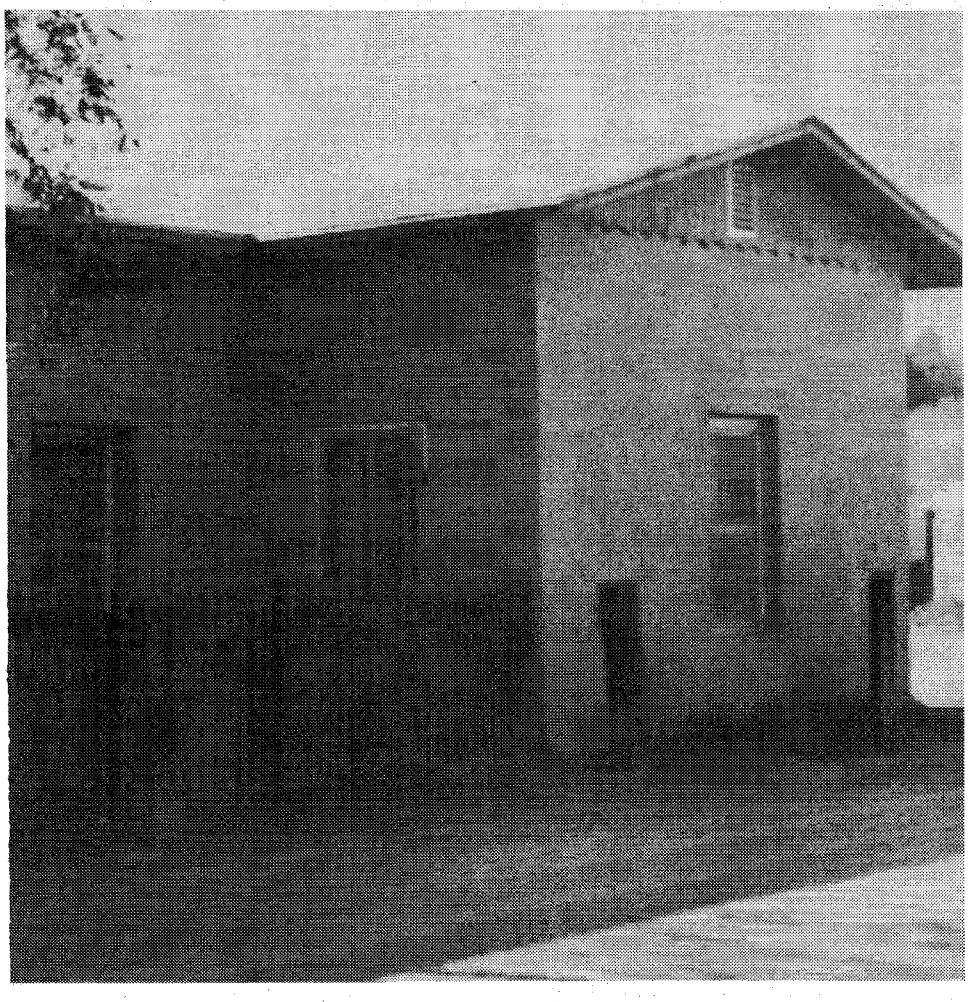


Above: Col. Fountain's dress uniform in Gadsden Museum. The hat with the plume is part of the uniform. Where the cap with USN came from is a mystery. Right: Gloria Clayshulte. Below: The front of Fountain's Mesilla home today.



on the story but not on Marianne, concerns Colonel Fountain's father. He was a ship's captain and was lost at sea. All that is known is that there had been a mutiny somewhere off the China coast and he was never heard of again.

The family lived in New York, and when Albert was eighteen or nineteen he sailed from there with seven or eight other youths and a tutor, for a trip around the world. When they reached China, Albert Fountain slipped away from his party as he wanted to try to solve the mystery of his father's disappearance. He apparently was never able to find out anything, but in the process of his search he somehow got mixed up with some smugglers who had stolen the emerald eyes from a Buddha. Although he had nothing to do with the theft, the authorities were after him too, it seems, for when he finally reached California he changed his name.

His mother's name was De La Fontaine—she was French—so he Americanized the name to Fountain while retaining his father's name of Jennings; he even insisted that his sons carry the middle name of Jennings, and some of the girls did too, along with one or two other middle names.

As a young man, Marianne and Albert's third child and second son, Edward, was working in the mines at Pinos Altos and living in a boarding house. The landlady fell in love with him, but he was in love with her daughter. One night when Edward was bringing the daughter home, the landlady met them at the door and shot him. Colonel Fountain was notified and he and Marianne hurried to their son's bedside. The boy said, "I don't want her prosecuted, for this was my fault," and he died. This was Marianne's second tragedy.

The fifth was the killing of Tom Fountain who was a couple of years older than Jack. During the Mexican Revolution he was running guns for Madero. One night in Chihuahua, Mexico, Tom got in a tight spot with the enemy after him, but made it to the building where Pancho Villa's troops were holed up and climbed up onto the roof. The men inside heard him scrabbling around up there and, thinking it was someone from the enemy side, fired through the roof and shot him. Some time after this, he was captured and taken before a firing squad and killed.

Gloria said, "My father thought he might have been a double agent; he had heard that Tom's fingers had been cut off. He said that Tom was the nonconformist in the family. When my father, who was a handsome man, went to an affair he always dressed in the proper attire, but Tom would come in buckskins and moccasins with his hair long and unkempt, and Daddy despaired of his ever becoming a gentleman."

Albert, the oldest child, and Margaret Fountain Guion, second oldest girl, lived full lives as did Jack, but two daughters died as young brides. One, Marianita, was married to a man named Carl Clausen, and she died soon after at a very young age. The other was Katherine, the youngest girl; she married a young southern lawyer, James Paxton, but was killed in an automobile accident in Georgia shortly after their wedding. So the girls brought the count to six and seven.

Marianne, born in 1848, died in 1915 at the age of sixty-seven. Few women have ever lost so many dear ones in such a tragic cycle.

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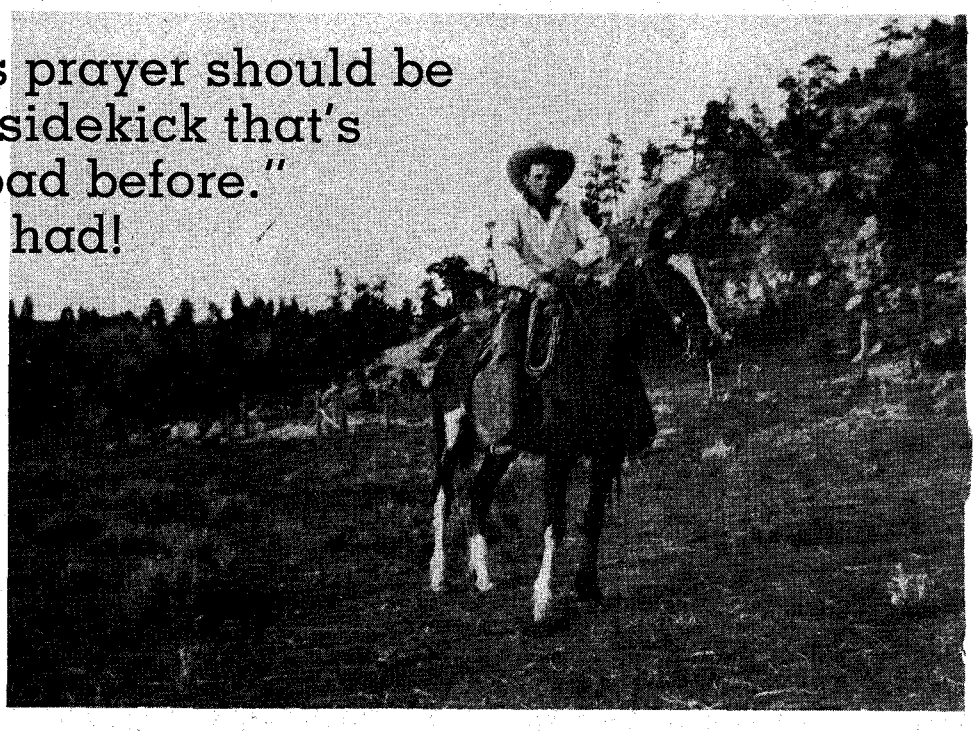
MARKIN' TIME

Every greenhorn's prayer should be "Lord, send me a sidekick that's been down this road before." And this one sure had!



BY CHESTER DOYLE

Photos Courtesy Author

FIFTY YEARS ago next fall I was on top of a stack of wheat in central Montana, trying to "make a hand" in a threshing crew. A friend of mine had got a letter from his wife who was in Billings visiting relatives. She had written back home (Redondo Beach, California) that the farmers in Montana had a bumper wheat crop. They were paying four dollars a day for harvest hands. So why didn't he drive up and work the harvest? He decided to go and asked me to go along just for the trip. I was only a year out of high school.

We left Redondo Beach in October, 1927 in his Jewett Roadster, a '23 or '24 model, with new tires all around. At the California line we ran out of pavement and didn't see much more, except in the cities. Our road was washboard gravel and it would just about jar the fillings out of your teeth. I recall especially the long steep grade from the desert up to St. George, Utah. We saw a car coming down and they were sure in a hurry. The gravel was really flying and just as we were about to meet they lost control. It was a Model T Ford and the steering gear jackknifed on them. We stopped and ran over to the car.

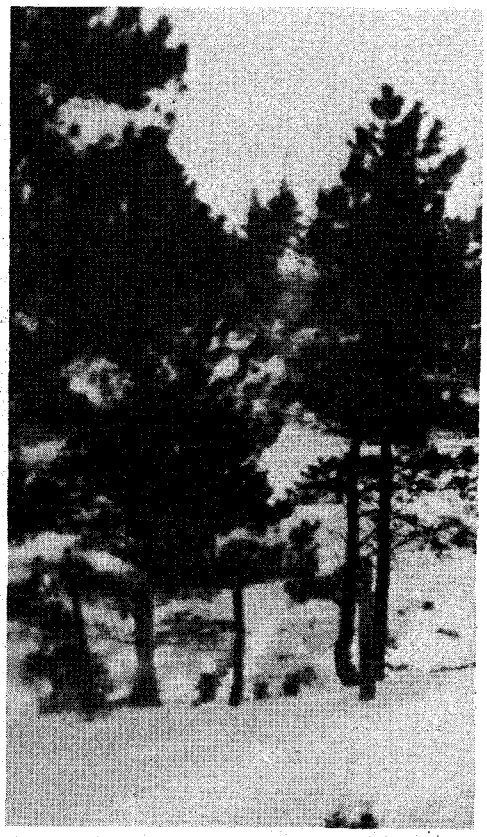
They didn't seem to be hurt—an old man and a teenage boy—and were already trying to upright the car. We all got under one running board and were able to tip it back onto its wheels. A few tools, picks, shovels, buckets and a gold pan had fallen out. They quickly threw these things in the back end, cranked her up, jumped in and took off, without so much as a thank you or go to hell. I have often wondered why they were in such an all-fired hurry. Maybe going to town to file on a gold strike?

We had two flats before we finally reached Billings. We had driven day and night, taking turns sleeping while the other one drove. After a day's rest and a visit with my friend's relatives, we drove north to the small town of Broadview to look for work. In the farming country east of there a few miles, after stopping at a couple of places, I found a man who said he could use me in the threshing crew. My friend went back to Billings and went to work in a sugar factory, but couldn't stand the winter weather and was soon back in sunny California.

SO there I was, working in a threshing crew in Montana, not knowing what the future held for me and not too much worried about it. At this time most farming was done with horses. This wheat had been cut with a header, which cut the grain and elevated in into a header box. The header box was a hay rack with one high side and the other quite low. It was pulled along even with the header by a team. When one wagon was loaded it would be driven to the stack and pitched off by hand. The stacks were built in pairs so the extension feeder of the threshing machine could be rolled in between them.

About the second day of my new job I wasn't doing too well. The local water contained some alkali and I had the runs. Also my hands were sore and blistered from the pitchfork handle. The boss noticed this and said, "Take it a little easy. Joe will be back tomorrow and we will put you on the stack with him. His

Above: Chester Doyle. Photo taken on the Bill Spidel Ranch. Below: The Cawthorn Place where the author and Joe Torrento batched one winter.



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IN MONTANA

shoulders are big and he can do the work of two men."

The next morning I was introduced to Joe Torrento. He was about my height, five eight, but built like a bull, broad and thick through the shoulders and chest, narrow in the hips, with small feet. He weighed a little over 200—no fat. He made quite an impression on me—one reason was, he wore a big cowboy hat and cowboy boots in a threshing crew. That seemed a little odd. All the other men wore bib overalls, common work shoes and farmer-type straw or felt hats.

Joe was a worker all right and he showed me how I had been making the work harder for myself by not taking the stack apart in the right way. Sometimes I would be standing on the ends of the straw I was trying to toss into the machine. I didn't know it then, but I was to learn a lot of things from Joe.

While the separator was being pulled into position between two new stacks, we would get a little rest break. I would climb up on a stack and admire the view. A little west of north from us was the Big Snowy Mountain Range. Northwest were the Little Belt and the Big Belt Mountains. Due west were the Crazy Mountains. In that fine, clear atmosphere they all looked to be fairly close, the Snowy Range being the closest. I asked Joe if a man could hike over to the Snowy Mountains. He said, "You better take a big lunch if you try it. It's close to fifty miles just to the foothills."

Twelve or so miles south of us was the Comanche Basin. One day we saw smoke from a big fire in this basin. We heard later in the day the fire was Bill Spidel's hay crop burning. I asked Joe who Bill Spidel was and he said, "Bill runs a big cattle outfit in the Bull Mountains. He owns a lot of the basin and he put up a lot of hay there this year. Looks like the railroad might have set the basin afire." (Within a year I was to meet this man, work for him a couple of weeks, then return to work steady for over four years.)

AFTER I had been with Joe for several days, every now and then I had a feeling there was something vaguely familiar about the guy. This kept bothering me, for I sure had never been in Montana before. We were eating dinner at the farmhouse one day when my memory suddenly brought things into focus.

I had spent most of my school years in McCook, Nebraska and I was sure this was where we had met. I said, "Joe, did you ever travel around the country with a rodeo?" He gave me a strange look for a few seconds before answering, "Yeah, several years back. How did you know?" Then I explained how, when I was a twelve-year-old kid, his show came to McCook and I hero-worshipped the cowboys and the show. I had hung around the fairgrounds all day. I would shine their fancy riding boots, polish their spurs and lead their horses to water. Sometimes I was allowed to ride a horse bareback. What a big thrill that was. Joe had had a pair of white angora chaps that he let me try on. They were pretty big for me, but no matter. Whenever Joe wasn't using them I would strap them on and strut around the grounds like a big-time cowboy. But I was always sure that I had them back in his saddle before he would need them. The last day of the show they put on a parade through town. I was allowed to ride in the chuckwagon right up with the driver. Someone even strapped a six-shooter on me. I wouldn't have traded seats with the President that day.

Joe said he "sort of remembered" a kid riding in the parade in the chuckwagon. So we renewed acquaintance again about his rodeo days. At that time I still could call off the names of other members of the troup, and I remember that Joe had done most of the roping for the show. In the future I was to see that he was still mighty handy with a rope.

When the threshing job was finished I had expected to return to California, but the last day on the job Joe asked what I was going to do. "Go back home, I guess," I said.

"Why don't you stay up here this winter? I've got a whole sack full of traps, a rifle and a Ford car. There's a deserted homestead I know about. We could stay there and trap coyotes and bobcats."

This was an adventure I had always dreamed of, so I wrote home and said, "Don't look for me 'til you see me coming"—or words to that effect.

The harvest crew work had netted me forty dollars. Joe had a little more. We moved into Broadview and took a room in the one and only hotel, and I went to Billings and picked up the rest of my gear I had stored with my friend's folks.

We loafed around Broadview a few days, spending most of our time at Earl Nash's pool hall. He had smokes, soft drinks and candy. Punch boards were very popular. At a nickel a punch we'd try to win a box of candy. Earl liked to

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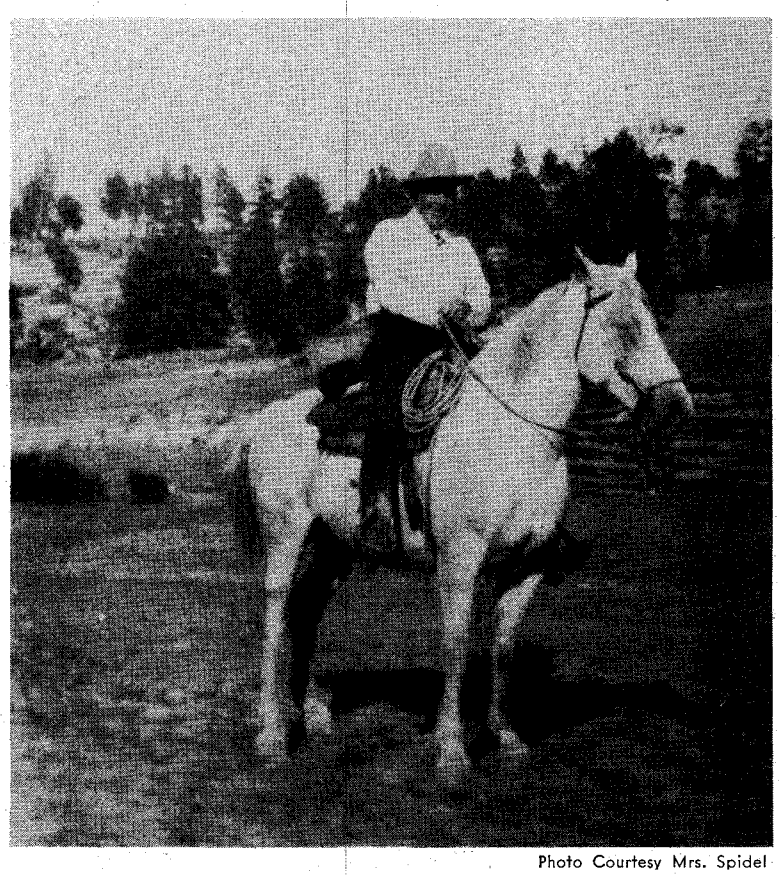
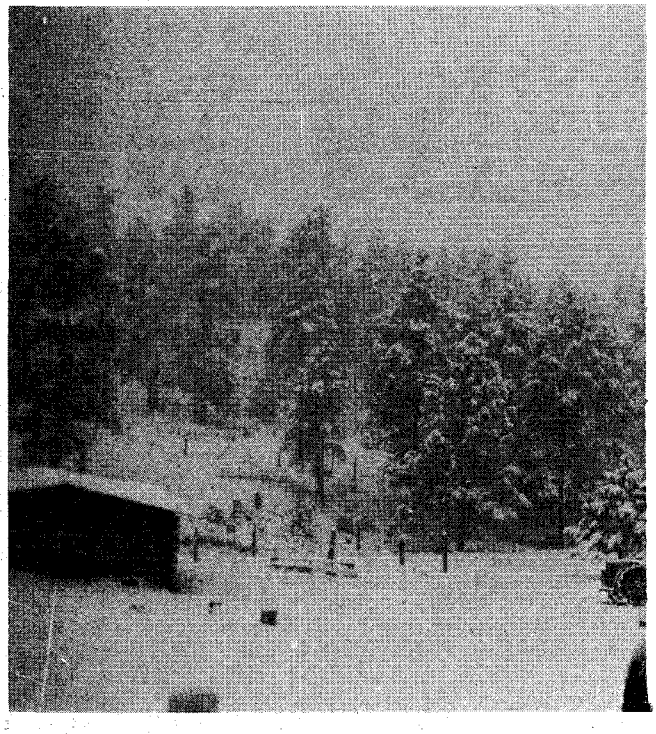


Photo Courtesy Mrs. Spidel



Left: Harry O'Dell. Above: Late spring snowstorm at the Cawthorn Place. The snow piled four inches deep.

tell ribald jokes and when he delivered the punch line he would double up with laughter. You had to laugh at him whether the story was good or not.

When we left Broadview we headed northeast for the Bull Mountains, a medium-size range of pine-covered hills that I had been unable to see from the area of our threshing job. Most of our remaining wages had been invested in groceries, some shells for Joe's 25/20 rifle and gas for the car.

On our way we passed the Badget place. Joe knew these folks so we stopped to see them. Monroe Badget, the oldest boy, suggested we stay on the Cawthorn homestead. He had a lease on the place but wasn't doing anything with it. Joe said, "Fine, better buildings there than where I was going." Soon we were into the timbered hills of the Bull Mountains and arrived at the Cawthorn place in late afternoon. This was to be my home for the next year. A group of log buildings in fair shape, two-story house, big barn with hay mow, chicken house and a well house—all had been built in a small coulee hemmed in by pine-covered hills and well protected from the wind. I liked the looks of the place right off.

WE unloaded our gear to the tune of coyotes howling all around us. I thought we had sure hit the right place for trapping. The next morning Joe said, "Let's take a look around."

I was driving and hadn't gone far when a coyote crossed the road in front of us. I jumped on the brake, Joe jumped out of the car, the little rifle cracked just as he hit the ground. The coyote upended and lay still. That was my introduction to Joe's shooting ability—but that was the only coyote we got all winter. We did get a badger, however. It turned out to be a tough winter for trapping because of weather changes. We would make settings in snow, then a quick thaw would leave the traps exposed on bare ground. Then traps set in dirt would be covered by a foot of snow or a light snow that would crust over enough so a coyote could walk on a trap without springing it.

Bundy was our closest "town"—a grain elevator, a couple of houses along the railroad for the section hands, a set of corrals for shipping stock and a general store. The store was also the post office and had one hand-operated gas pump. The place was run by Charlie Lord.

At that time Montgomery Ward stores had a fur buying department. In January we shipped them our furs from Bundy—our big catch of two furs. When the check came it was for thirteen dollars, five for the coyote and eight for the badger. That was the first cash we had seen for a couple months. We spent it all for groceries, ammunition and gas.

After another month of running the trap line with no luck, Joe came up with a suggestion for making some money. "If we could get the stuff to make a still, I could build it and we could start making whiskey."

I had a small amount of money in a savings account and wrote home asking the folks to send me twenty-five dollars of it. When the check came Joe drove me to the depot at Lavina and I went to Billings by train to buy the things he needed for the still: a copper wash boiler, a sheet of copper a yard square, a soldering iron, bar of solder, and a pair of tin snips.

Out of these things Joe built a very neat still. He cut about an eight-inch hole in the lid, soldered the lid on solid, then fastened a collar to fit the hole in the lid, with a removable cover. This cover was pasted on with a dough of water and flour during operation. Then he made some tubes in sections that joined together to reach from the boiler to the condenser. He made the condenser by cutting out a cylinder about four by ten inches, slipped this into another cylinder an inch bigger in diameter, then closed both ends by soldering on a lid of flat copper. He fitted the end of the tube from the still into one end of this cylinder and another short tube from the opposite end. With the boiler on the stove and the condenser in a tub of snow we were ready to make corn whiskey.

We had already purchased corn meal and sugar in hundred-pound sacks. This plus water and a few cakes of yeast made the mash. Joe knew the proper mixture. We set two barrels of mash and as soon as they quit working and the clear liquid came to the top we were ready to run off a batch.

Joe sure knew what he was doing. The still worked fine. The first that came from the condenser was high proof alcohol. He would save a bottle of this to mix with the last which would become weaker, then mix it to come up with about one hundred proof. He also saved a little of that straight alcohol to mix with burned sugar to make coloring for the whiskey. And you know, that old boy

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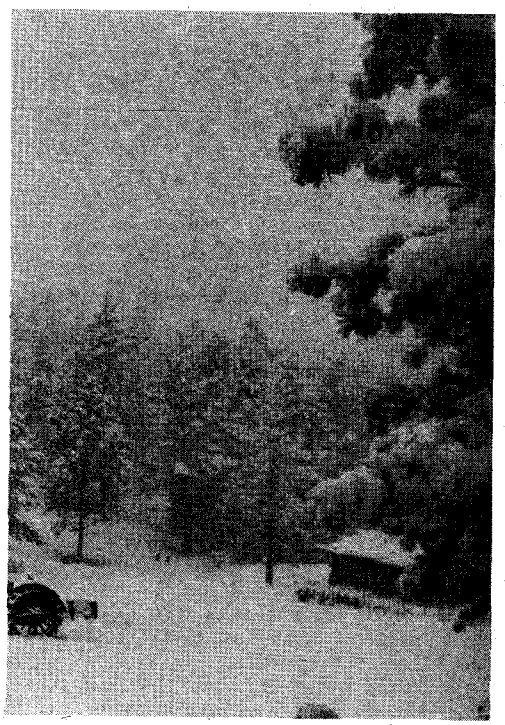


came up with a product that wasn't too bad.

We planned to sell the stuff for eight dollars a gallon, but mostly we traded liquor for the ingredients to make more. Our main outlets were in the small towns like Lavina and Belmont. Sometimes we would see a little cash but I wouldn't say the venture was a success. I never did get back my investment. Mostly it brought us trouble.

ONE TRIP to Lavina I will never forget. We had loaded the Model T with jugs of all sizes, from one to five gallons. It was late in the day when we started and we had about a foot of new snow on the road. At our gate we met our neighbor Hank Kensmoe. He lived about two miles from us and had driven over with his team and sled for a visit.

Joe told him we were on the way to town, but took time to uncork a gallon jug and offer Hank a drink. They had several belts at the jug and began getting real jovial. Joe had a Colt six-shooter rammed in his belt. He wore that gun whenever he went to town. That used to worry me some; I often wondered if he would really use it. Anyway, Hank spotted that gun and said, "Joe can you hit anything with that gun?"

"Sure I can. Throw your cap in the air and I'll show you," he answered.

Hank pulled off his cap and sailed it overhead. Joe pulled his gun and fired two quick shots. The shots sent the cap spinning away at an angle. When Hank picked up his cap he started cussing. There were two holes in it. Joe just grinned at him and climbed into the Ford.

I was glad to get started as that new snow made tough driving. We had about six miles of our secondary road without a track broken in the snow. I was in hopes we would have a broken trail to follow when we hit the main road along the Musselshell River at Bundy, but by the time we got to the junction it was dark and there wasn't a track on the road. We had about twelve miles to go.

We came to a series of small rolly-coaster hills. We just made it over the first one, and the next was a bit steeper. Almost to the top we stalled. I knew Joe had been pretty tight when we left Hank so I said, "Joe, are you sober enough to drive if I get out and push?"

"Hell, yes, I can drive."

His answer didn't really convince me, but I didn't have much choice. With me pushing, the wheels spun and jumped a little and we topped out. Joe waited for me to get in but I knew there were two more of those little hills to go over so I jumped on the running board on the right side.

Joe was a poor driver even when sober and he started down that hill entirely too fast. He got about half-way down and cut a sharp zig to the left then sharp to the right. I just knew the fool was going to run off the road so I jumped. I landed full length in the soft snow in the drain ditch, scared but unhurt.

When I picked myself up and wiped the snow out of my face I saw the Ford a few yards ahead of me, bottom side up in the ditch. I knew Joe had to be underneath, so I hurried up there.

I yelled, "Joe are you hurt?"

"Yes, I'm killed! Get me out of this damn thing!"

They say a person can call up unknown strength in time of crisis. Maybe so. All I know is that I got my shoulder under the running board and somehow raised the car enough for him to dig the snow away and crawl out from under.

I had been over this road quite often and I knew we were not more than a mile or two from a farmhouse. Joe seemed to be able to walk, so we started on up the road. He did complain of a pain in his side but admitted he came out pretty lucky. It was cold and miserable wading through the snow in the dark but we finally made it to the farmhouse.

This was in the middle of the night and the place was dark, but when we called, "Anyone home?" a dog started barking in the house and after a bit a light came on. Then a head appeared at an upstairs window. We told the man we had turned our car over so he came right down and invited us in. His wife got up and they made coffee and with that and a piece of homemade apple pie that warm kitchen sure seemed good to me. We had never met these people and I am sorry to say I can't remember their name, but I sure remember their hospitality.

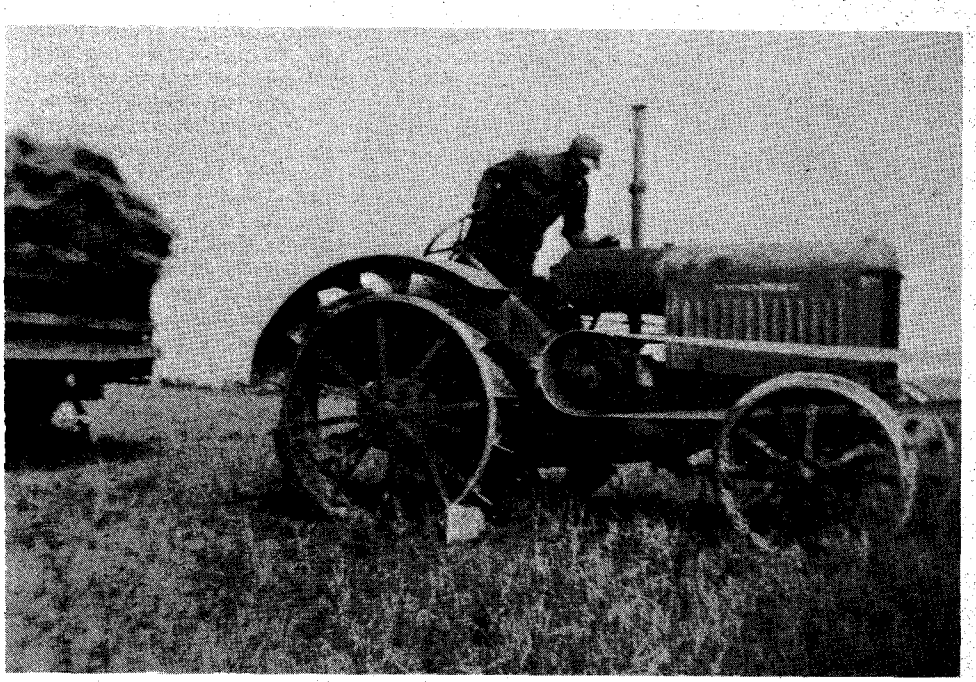
The man said, "After breakfast in the morning I'll take a team down and see if I can get your car back on the road." With that they showed us to a spare bedroom and we turned in. It had been quite a night.

THE next morning after a hearty breakfast our host hooked a team of big heavy work horses to a sled, threw in a couple log chains and we drove down to the Ford. I had my wits about me enough before we left the car to turn off the lights and drain the radiator. I did it by digging down in the snow 'til I could unscrew the radiator cap.

All three of us got under one running board and made several attempts to turn the car over. We couldn't budge it. I still don't know how I got Joe out from under the thing. Then we pulled staples from the fence posts and tied the wire down so we could roll the car over into the field with the team. By hooking the log chain around the frame on the far side the team flipped the car over on the wheels with no trouble.

In all the excitement I had never given a thought to what had happened

The only picture of Joe offers little detail, because Joe didn't care for close-ups—for reasons of his own.



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to our load of booze, but when the car flipped over, somehow most of those jugs had turned a complete loop and when we uprighted the car they were right side up in the snow and not one was broken.

We didn't know our helper's views on drinking, but Joe asked, "Like a drink?"

"I sure would," the man replied.

With that Joe pulled the cork on a jug and handed it to him. Then after a drink or two and repairing the fence, we hooked the team to the front axle. The car was pulled along the fence to a nearby gate, then out on the road. Then the man went back for the sled and that big team pulled the whole outfit into the farmer's barnyard.

When the car flipped over, the top and windshield had been mashed down against the body. Also the steering wheel had a section broken out and one of the metal segments was bent down against the steering column. We threw the top in the back and straightened the steering bar so that I could steer it while being pulled to the house. We had lost some crankcase oil. The only oil the farmer had was a heavy grade intended for use in farm machinery. Anyhow we put in some of it and cranked her up. After a few tries the old car started, so we filled the radiator, thanked our farmer friend, and headed for town.

There we traded our load of liquor for needed supplies and very little cash, and went to the local garage. We bought a new steering wheel and a windshield; also bows for the top.

I could tell that Joe's side was still bothering him. After some argument I finally got him to see the doctor while we were in town. The verdict was a broken rib. The doc taped him up, then we took off for home.

WE GOT into another little mix-up while in the moonshine business. Hank Kensmoe had asked us to come help him saw up some firewood. He had a big one-lung gas engine that operated a circular saw. He had started that noisy rig and we were busy sawing logs into blocks the right length to be split for stovewood when two riders came into the yard leading a third horse. They wanted to talk to Joe, said they wanted to buy a bottle.

I don't know how they knew where we were. We had walked across the hill and left the Ford at home. Our place and Hank's place were both down in the timber out of sight of the road. After some talk Joe told me to stay and help finish the wood cutting and he would ride back to our place with them.

Joe was of swarthy complexion. He claimed to be part Indian and part Spanish. I knew he had a quick temper, although he had never used it on me. I had seen him mad a time or two and, with his rugged build, most folks would think twice before tangling with him. I was to see proof of this before the day was over.

It was late afternoon when Hank and I finished sawing wood and I cut across the hill for home. Just as I came out of the timber across the creek from the house I heard a shot, then another, a few seconds apart. I could see the cowboys' three horses tied to the yard fence. With no more shots coming I started to the house wondering what I was going to find. I knew Joe and I both had a six-shooter and they were always hanging on the wall, loaded. I was afraid I would find a dead man—or more—when I walked in that door.

It wasn't quite that bad. Joe had his gun and the tallest of the cowboys had mine. They had gotten into an argument and were punctuating their threats by shooting holes in the cabin floor. I found out afterward that they had been shooting dice. Joe had won $12 from the tall one, who figured he had been cheated. Right after I came in they calmed down, like drunks sometimes do. They were friendly again. They put the guns away and I went to the kitchen to make some coffee.

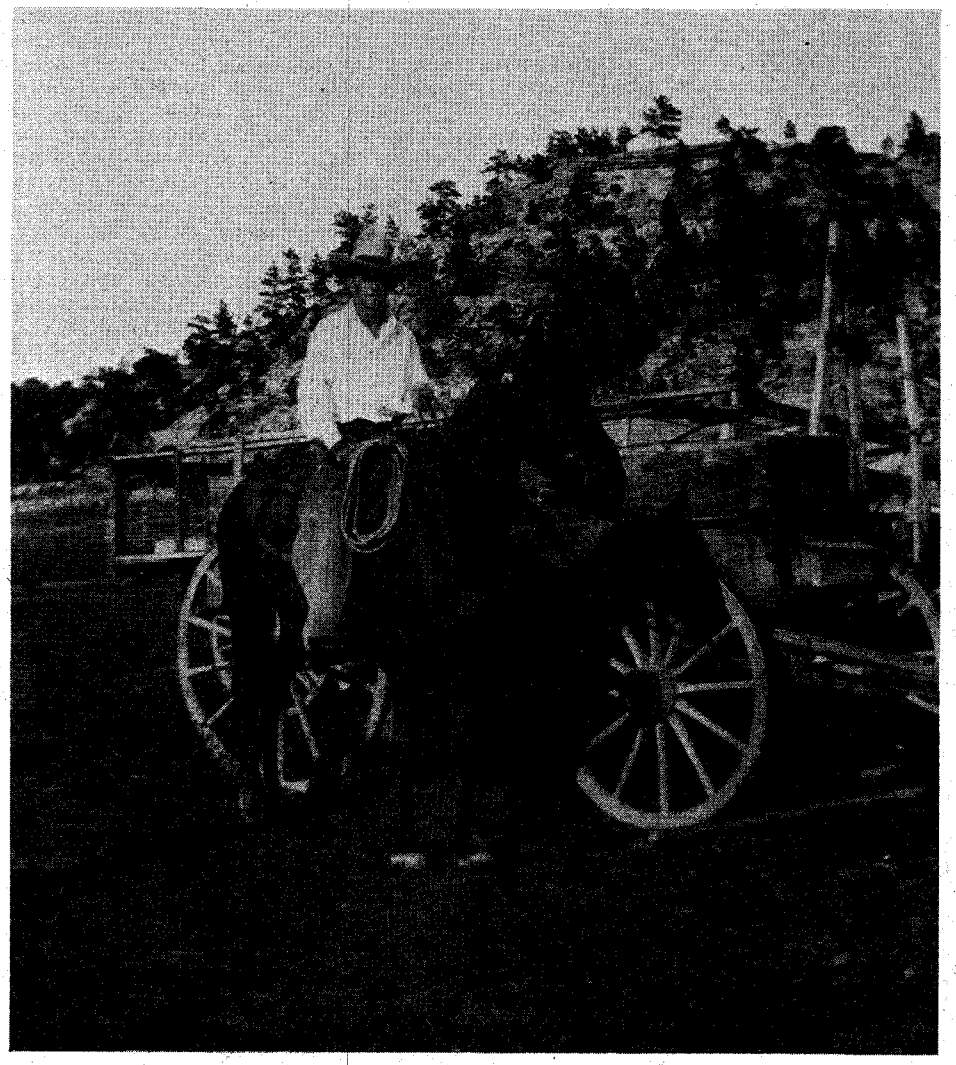
I thought the fracas was over but when I came back in the front room the big, tall one walked over to Joe and put his arm around Joe's neck. I don't know whether it was intended as a friendly gesture or not, but Joe sure didn't think so. He swung a haymaker that knocked the cowboy clear across the room.

The cowboy skinned his face when he hit the cabin floor but he got up and staggered back across the floor. There was a long wooden bench in the middle of the room and he walked right into that and fell full-length on the floor again. About this time the other two cowboys had pretty well sobered up and decided to take their friend home before someone got badly hurt. It was long after dark and as they rode away the tall one yelled back, "Joe, I'm gonna come back and kill you, you crooked s-o-b!"

I suppose after the cowboy sobered up, he forgot the whole mess. I saw him several times during the next year and nothing was said about that night. The whiskey making, however, was beginning to look like a poor venture. We had competition that sold a gallon for six dollars. Joe said it was not as good as what he made, and he was probably right, but we were not realizing much money and began to ease out of the game. We had some of the last run we made for quite a while.

IT WAS early in February or March that Hank asked us to help him build a corral. In digging the post holes we ran into solid rock in a couple of places. What we needed was some black powder.

Chester Doyle, in the spring of his great adventure.



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Joe suggested we go see "the Frenchman."

I can't remember his name now but mostly he was just known as the Frenchman. He lived in a little shack in a grove of cottonwoods near Bundy. There was a little vein of coal on his place so small that he had to mine it by crawling in and lying on his side to pick the coal loose. He would get together enough coal to sell for a dollar or two, then spend it on booze. This man was a graduate of either Yale or Harvard, I can't remember which. One end of his cabin was lined with a complete set of law books. He had once been a practicing lawyer. Liquor had been his downfall.

Joe was sure the Frenchman would have some powder and fuse for his mining operation, so he took a bottle of our booze, cranked up the Ford, and went to see him. With several inches of new snow on the road, we stopped on the road near his gate because of the steep incline into his yard. It really didn't look like he was at home anyhow. There was no smoke from the stovepipe and no tracks around. Joe walked down to the cabin, knocked, stood there a minute, then went inside. He popped right back out and yelled at me, "Come down here and bring that bottle!"

I knew something was wrong in that shack, but when I walked in it was hard to believe what I saw. I have known a lot of men who lived alone. Their housekeeping talents varied from neat as a pin to pretty crummy. This place looked and smelled like a pig pen. The table was littered with dirty dishes, scraps of food and empty whiskey bottles. On the floor by the bed were two more empty bottles. The bed was filthy beyond description. In the bed, fully clothed, lay the Frenchman. He had apparently been on a big drunk and was so cold he was blue. The temperature was in the twenties and had been below zero at night. This man was the sorriest looking human I had ever seen—shaking, slobbering and jibbering like an idiot.

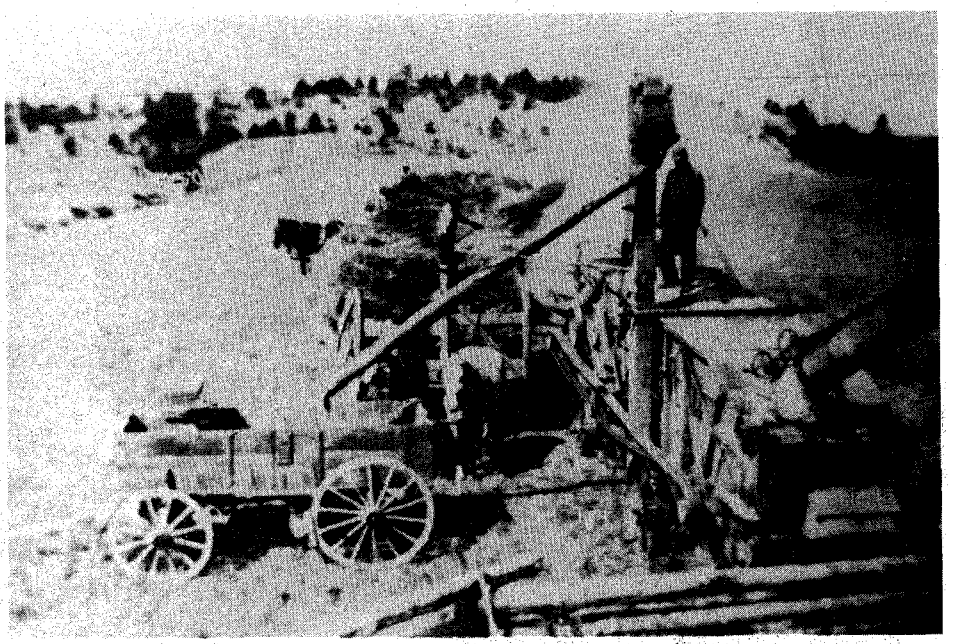
Joe started a fire in the cookstove and when it got going good he fixed the old boy a drink. Then we fixed some hot food from what we could find in the place. In a little over an hour the Frenchman was able to sit up on the edge of the bed and eat a few bites. He was also able to talk a little—saying he had no idea how long he had been on this spree. He didn't remember coming home or how long he had been without a fire in the shack.

We stayed 'til he seemed to be able to do things for himself, then Joe told him why we had come to see him. He said, "In the shed out back there's some powder and fuse. Take whatever you need and welcome. You gentlemen have just saved my life."

AFTER we had finished the corral at the Kensmoe place we decided to build one for our own use. Joe had an idea we might make a few dollars breaking horses for some of the neighbors. There was plenty of pine timber on our place so we started cutting logs for the posts and long poles for the corral sections. I was learning to hit where I was looking with an axe, and to do my part on one end of a two-man crosscut saw. Joe was an expert and we soon had the logs cut. He had borrowed a broad axe from a neighbor, an axe with a blade about a foot wide. With that axe he hewed the poles for the corral to a flat surface on two sides. They then had a flat side about eight inches wide and looked as though they had been trimmed in a sawmill. I was quite proud of that corral and even took some pictures of it.

In the Bull Mountains there were many deserted homesteads. The country saw a big land rush from about 1911 to 1918. The offer of a free quarter-section just for the proving up drew numerous people from the East and Midwest. The first two or three years the rich sod produced good crops. Then came some dry years and people had to borrow money on their places, many of which in the Bull Mountains had more timber and hills than farmland. By the early twenties a lot of families had given up trying to make a living and had moved away. Often they left a good set of buildings and farm machinery. These places mostly belonged to the Federal Land Bank. If I remember right, their main office was in Spokane, Washington.

One day Joe and I had a visitor. A strange car pulled into the yard and a well-dressed man came to the house. He introduced himself and said he was from the Federal Land Bank. I wondered if we were going to be kicked off the place, but it turned out just the opposite. Seems they were glad to know someone was living on the property, keeping things in repair and good order. He offered us a lease on the place and said the company would furnish us some seed wheat if we would put in a crop. One quarter of the



Right: The threshing rig. Below: Threshing clover on the O'Dell place. Harry O'Dell is standing on the bundle wagon. Also shown, the Model T Ford and the threshing rig owned by Joe and the author.

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harvested wheat was to be returned to the company as grain rent. Joe agreed to the lease, then the man asked if there was anything that needed fixing that we couldn't handle.

There was one thing. The pump head had been broken and the pump cylinder was in need of repair. Getting water had always been a little difficult. He offered to ship a new pump head and cylinder to Bundy. These things came in a few weeks and we were in the business of farming.

Joe was quite a talker. He was able to talk an implement company in Lavina into letting us have a tractor on credit. Also he made arrangements for gas and oil to run it. The first tractor we had was a rather decrepit two-cylinder Titan.

In our travels around the country we had seen many pieces of abandoned farm machinery. One that Joe remembered was a double tandem disc. This was a big heavy rig with a steel platform between the front and rear discs. With a few rocks piled on the platform, this outfit—with the discs set at the extreme angle—would turn the soil almost as well as a plow. We struggled with that Titan tractor for a few days but just could not keep it running.

We went back to Lavina and came home with a brand new McCormick Deering 15/30 tractor. I have often wondered how Joe talked people into giving us these things on credit. Soon the fields on our lease were ready for seeding. One of our neighbors, Ed Morris, saw the job we were doing with the double disc and hired us to disc up a quarter section for him.

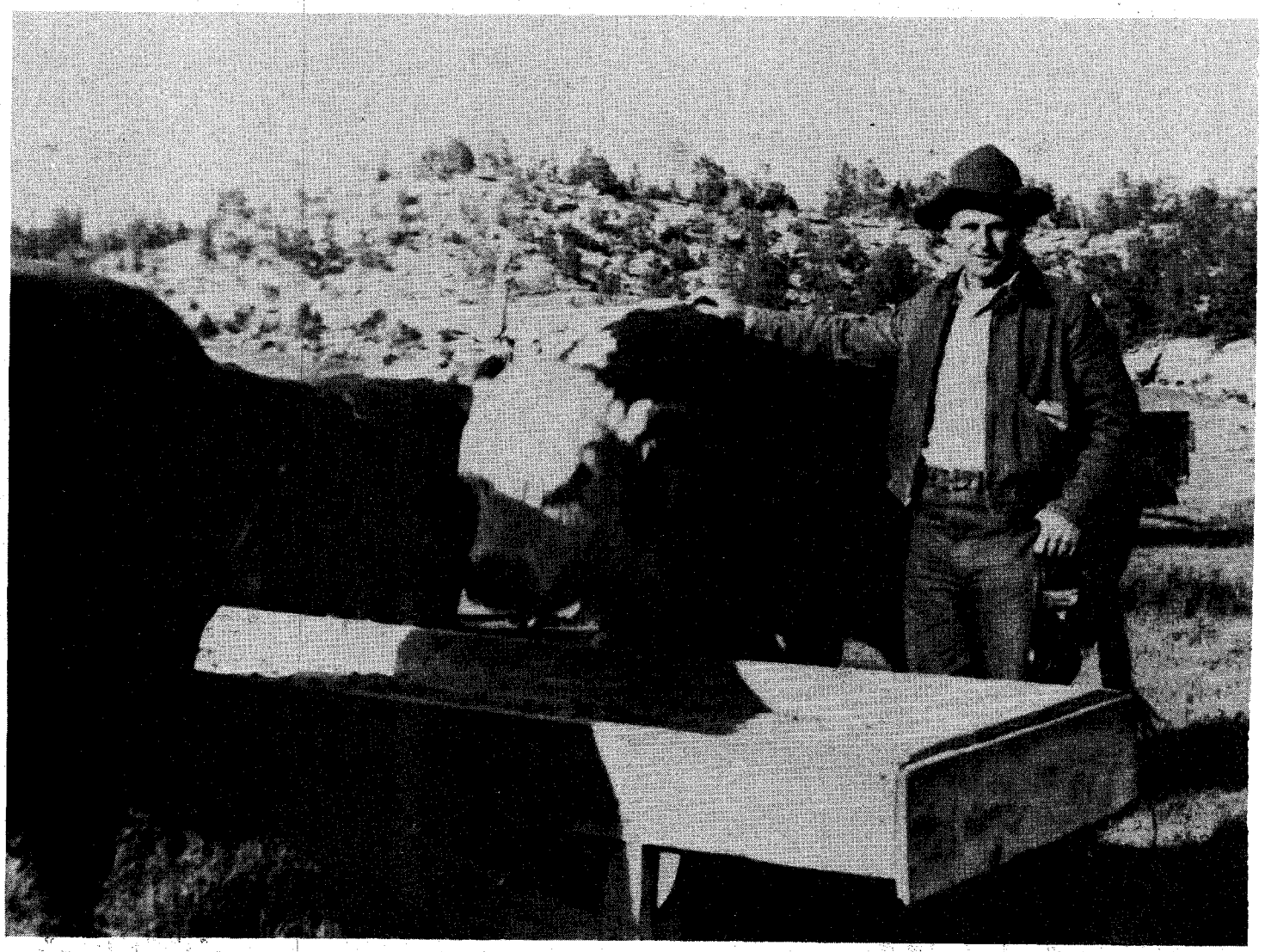
WITH the coming of warm weather the hills turned beautiful. Green grass, wild flowers—the smell of growing things was in the air. We had survived the deep snow, the forty below weather and it was good to be alive. But we had a problem. We had run out of money and groceries. During the winter we raised two pigs for meat and we shot lots of rabbits and a few grouse. Spring is not the time for wild game. They are raising their young. At one of the deserted homesteads Joe and I found a patch of rhubarb that had come up volunteer and we took some home to try it. We had lots of sugar left from our whiskey-making venture, so Joe made rhubarb sauce. It was so good we went back and got a tub of the stuff.

We had a sack of spuds, but no grease to fry them in. However, our close neighbors, the Kensmoe family, had cows and I could have all the skimmed milk I wanted. So, every morning I would walk over the hill for a gallon pail of milk and Joe would fix scalloped potatoes. We lived on scalloped potatoes and rhubarb sauce for about two weeks. More than twenty years passed before I could look at either of those things without getting a queasy feeling in the stomach.

Finally we began to get vegetables from our garden, and a little bunch of chickens we had raised got big enough for fryers, so the pressure was off.

Joe was a great cook whenever he had something to work with. That first evening we arrived at the Cawthorn place he said to me, "Kid, take the axe and cut a little dry wood while I stir up some grub. Might even make a couple of pies." I thought he was joking about the pies but when I came in a little later with an armload of dry wood, there were two nice looking pies on the table. I could see by the two empty cans that one was berry and the other peach. When they came out of the oven of that little rusty cookstove they were delicious. I was to learn later that he had been a roundup cook for a while and even cooked in a restaurant for a few months. His biscuits were the envy of our neighbor's wife.

It was about this time that I met



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Above: Chester Doyle sitting in front of the Cawthorn House. Left: Doyle and Bill Spidel at the Spidel Ranch many years later.

Harry O'Dell. Harry had a nice place on Dean Creek. He raised cattle and hogs and did some grain farming. We were in luck again. He put us both to work for a couple weeks, then Joe went back to look after our place and I was to work for Harry a while longer. I was learning to handle four or six horses in the field with farm machinery. Harry did all his work with horses and he had some good ones. I was still pretty green about a lot of things but he was a good teacher.

Harry was fun to be around, jovial, easy going and a good storyteller. He could spin yarns about men, horses and ranch life that were spellbinding. He had a way with words. I think I would have been willing to work just for my board to be able to spend the evening listening to Harry tell yarns.

He had a nice, neat log house—two bedrooms and a big room that served as kitchen and dining room. Also the usual assortment of barn, corral, chicken house, sheds, etc. One log building about ten by twelve was the blacksmith shop with anvil, forge and workbench. It had served as Harry's house the first three years he lived on the place.

Harry had filed on his homestead in 1907 and built it into a prosperous ranch. He purchased some of the other plots around him as others gave up dry farming and moved away. The places that were unfit for farming produced fine grass for cattle.

We had helped Harry brand calves and then Ed Morriss got word to us that he was ready to brand calves and colts. He wanted Joe and me to help with the job. This was where another of Joe's talents came in handy. He did all the roping. I just helped hold them for branding. He would rope the small ones by the neck; they were easy to dump. Then he would say, "This one's pretty husky. I'll pick up his heels." So he would rope both hind legs and drag him to the fire. The colts he would catch by the front feet. This went on for two long days and very seldom did he miss a catch.

Butchering was another of Joe's many talents. Whenever a neighbor wanted to kill a beef or a hog they came to get Joe. He was an artist. He could skin and quarter a beef while most men were trying to decide where to start. I asked him how he got so good at it.

"Working in a packing house," he said.

I remember that one of the few letters he got that year was from a big packing house offering him a job. But to get back to our work with Harry O'Dell:

MOST of the farmers raised wheat, oats or barley. Harry was trying something different. He had put in about eighty acres of sweet clover to thresh for seed. Some seed company he had written to was interested in buying it.

Our own wheat crop was now heading out and looked like it might make thirty bushels to the acre. That would mean over two thousand bushels if all went well. One day Harry said to Joe, "You've got a good tractor. Why don't you see if you can get hold of a threshing rig? You could do your own threshing and I've got this big field of sweet clover, besides some oats and barley. Then you could thresh for George Stephenson and maybe Hogue Rockewell. Then there is old Frank Armstrong. He always raises a big crop of oats for his work horses." These outfits were all in the Bull Mountains and not far apart, and Joe and Harry knew them all.

I was proud of our wheat crop and looked forward to big returns on our labor. But it wasn't to be. Shortly after we finished shocking, a small hailstorm crossed our place and most of the grain was beaten into the ground. We did manage to salvage about three hundred bushels.

Threshing Harry's sweet clover was a tough job. If there was the least bit of dew on the ground in the morning we had to wait for the sun to dry it off. Those big coarse bundles had to be absolutely dry. If moist at all the straw would plug the blower and we would have to shut down the machine and dig the straw out by hand. Also the clover seed was so fine it leaked out of the machine in many places. The grain wagon had to be caulked with gunny sacks to keep from losing seed on the way to the granary. Harry had to buy canvas sacks for shipping the seed to the seed company. However, the price was good and he made out all right on the deal.

When we had finished all Harry's threshing we moved to Frank Armstrong's place. He lived on a high knoll overlooking Dean Creek. He was another

(Continued on page 48)

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Thomas Jefferson Davis, at age 79, probably taken in Belle Fourche, South Dakota, where he and his wife, Lucinda, lived at the time. T. J. spent several previous years as postmaster of Camp Crook, South Dakota, on personal commission by President Theodore Roosevelt. The medal T.J. is wearing was earned for valor and bravery in action during the Civil War. Lucinda gave the medal to her grandson Cy Davis, but it was stolen from him while he was in college.

OREGON 1892

"Just Between You and Me"

BY T. J. DAVIS Submitted BY CY T. DAVIS

Photos Courtesy Author

—a humorous assessment of the Webfoot State that the writer never dreamed would be made public!

Explanatory Note: On Christmas Day, 1892 my grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Davis, wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, Sam Mason. He had recently moved to the Camas Valley from the Short Pine Hills of South Dakota.—C. T. Davis

Camas Valley, Douglas County Oregon
Christmas Edition December 25, 1892.

Sam J. Mason & Family—Dear Relatives:
State of Nebraska

WHEN I last saw you—you remarked that you never expected to see me again. Well, that is very probable, but while we cannot meet personally we may talk occasionally through lines of ink. I will never forget the pleasant time that I had last winter with so many relatives and friends. Some I had not seen for several years, and some I may never see again, but probably that will make little difference in the general round-up as each of us must cross that dark river alone—and take our chances as to what awaits us on the opposite shore. We all have a common destiny—whatever that may be—and our future will be as nature designed it IF there is any design in nature. Inevitable, unalterable life seems to be a temporary condition in nature and we are all under sentence of death, as it is as natural to die as it is to be born. We should borrow no trouble about a future we know not of, but rather live to lighten the burdens of ourselves and our associates down the chain of time of which we are but a short link. Well! I didn't intend to preach a sermon —so no more of it!

Almost everybody wanted me to write to them and tell them all about Oregon after I arrived here. Of course I had to promise everyone, but fortunately I didn't say when, and the fact is I have written to very few.

In a business way this is a rather slow country—not so much push and bustle as in the Mo. Valley States. Most people live easily and well, but have no ambition to become rich. Most of the best land in Western Oregon was located under the old Donation law and many of the original settlers still occupy their claims. Probably more claims have passed on to other hands. Some have made a living by selling portions of their land, and living on the shrinking remainder. When I first came here, everything seemed so different from what I had been used to, and I was afraid that I would not like it. However, the longer I stay the better I feel satisfied, and I think that the country will take a boom when times get good again. Oregon has never boomed like California, yet Oregon has many advantages that California does not have.

Well, as you would never expect to come to Oregon to live, you would think more of Oregon as a curiosity than as a place for a home. About the people, I would say that most of the Old Timers are lean and lank and grizzled and gray. Most of them speak the native Missouri Latin and vote the Democratic ticket. Most all of them belong to church, trust in God, and keep their meat houses locked. One cautious old Christian up the Valley won't thresh any grain until he has sold it; then he pounds out the required amount on the barn floor, and hangs up his flail or shuts off his machine. He seems to think that it is inconvenient to steal grain in the straw.

Quite a large percentage of the citizenry are preachers of more or less ability —but generally less. There are more preachers than there are lucrative positions that await them. One Preacher over in another Valley "traveled" a stallion last summer for a livelihood. It wasn't much of a horse. In fact, I would have to say that it was a scrub about on a par

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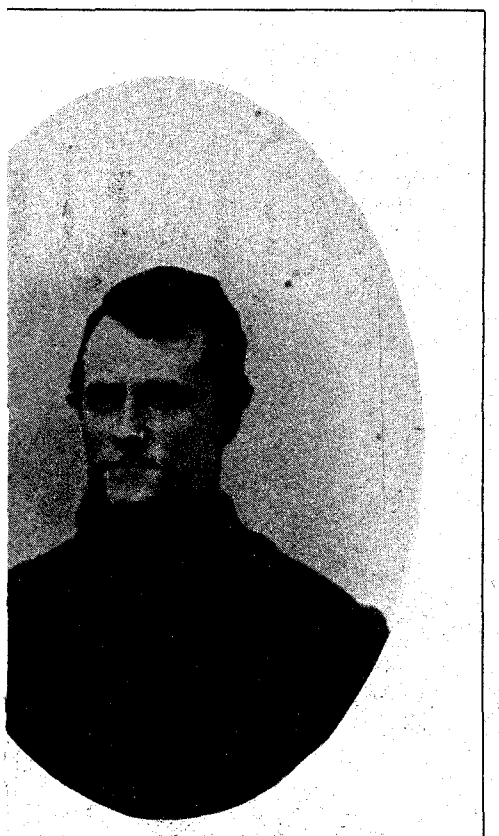

T. J. Davis, 32, at Galesburg, Illinois, while on furlough from the Union Forces. He was Poet Laureate of his Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers.

with the Preacher. When business was dull, the Preacher would pound out a sermon to fill in his time and bum his grub. We kept a stallion also, but being counted among the uncircumcised sinners and Republicans, we had to meet our bills with cold cash.

THIS preacher played a supporting role in a rather amusing romance last summer. A young and reckless blacksmith secured the consent of a comely young woman, AND a marriage license with every intent of committing matrimony. The parents of the girl were most indignant and strongly objected to such an unequal union for good and sufficient reasons. The girl was a true scion of Southern Chivalry of long standing, and could count a respectable string of Brigadiers among her immediate ancestors. The young man was of obscure origin, which in itself was probably in his favor. If for no other reason, his dissipated habits made it impossible for such a union to be considered favorably for even a moment. All of the preachers and J. P.s throughout the region were served notice not to perform the ceremony, and the girl was guarded vigilantly. However, communication was maintained between them through agents which can always be found for such occasions—and a cunning plan was formulated.

On a certain day the girl eluded her guard, and met by appointment with the blacksmith and a few friends at a trysting place in the deep woods. From there they proceeded to the public highway and intercepted the stallion and the preacher on their weekly rounds. The ill-groomed Blacksmith handed the Preacher the official license and requested a bonding job in his specialty. The man of the cloth inspected the license most critically and was moved to state that the novelty of the situation was somewhat embarrassing but that he would do the best that he could. With that he laid his plug hat on a stump and took a hitch in his galusses to brace up his ministerial dignity. With the license gripped in one hand and the stallion rein in the other, he struck a posture that would have made a portrait painter travel half way around the world to capture—and proceeded to cement them together by his authority vested in him by the State of Oregon—for life unless they might come unstuck sooner by divorce.

On such matrimonial occasions the parson is usually rewarded as abundantly as the means of the groom can afford. In the above case he was the recipient of two bushels of turnips, two dozen eggs, and half a cheese. The preacher complained that the binding effect of the cheese had compelled him to trade the two dozen eggs for a box of pills. The groom argued that if the man of the cloth had eaten the turnips along with the cheese (as carefully calculated) that everything would have come out even and he would have been the two dozen eggs to the good.

IN the main, people here are usually hospitable and sociable. Almost everyone who lives on a public road is a hotel keeper or a keeper of travelers, and most any one will take in a stranger and feed him for a cash consideration. I stopped over night with an old citizen who lived back off the road and who had evidently not had a customer in a long time. When I asked him his bill the next morning he hesitated a moment and then said that he reckoned about four bits if I didn't think that was too much. I told him that I considered his bill reasonable and his hospitality and accommodations very good and handed him the stipulated coin.

He closed his right fist upon it so tight that it raised the sinews on the back of his hand like cords on a clothes line. With his left hand he went down into his side pocket and pulled out a leather bag about two inches wide and at least a foot long which looked for all the world as if it had been run through a clothes wringer. Its dry and wrinkled condition certainly gave the impression that it saw the light of day on only the most infrequent occasions. Perhaps its capacity had been designed for the Days of '49, but if it had—it had certainly seen better days. Meanwhile he continued the unrelenting grip upon the coin with his other hand as if determined that that half dollar should not get away.

He worked diligently to get the collapsed sides of that bag apart and finally introduced the coin at the muzzle and worked it persistently to its final resting place at the bottom. With that he rolled it up with a compactness that exerted every muscle and wrapped at least a yard

(Continued on page 42)

Map of Douglas County, Oregon from **Cram's Family Atlas of the World**, 1888

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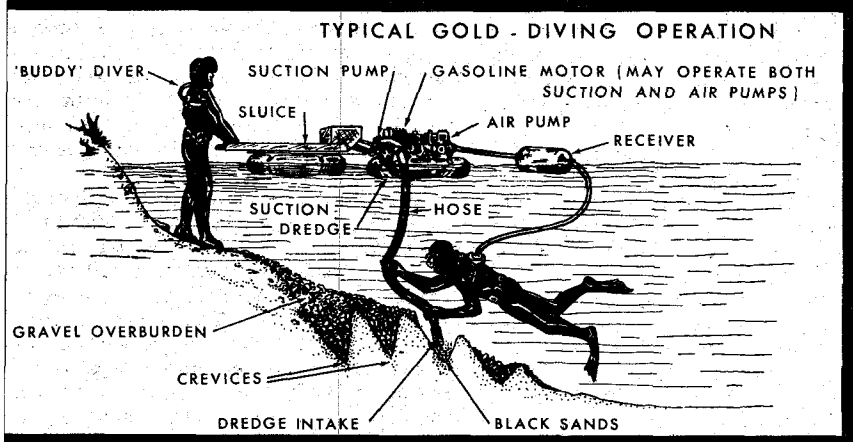
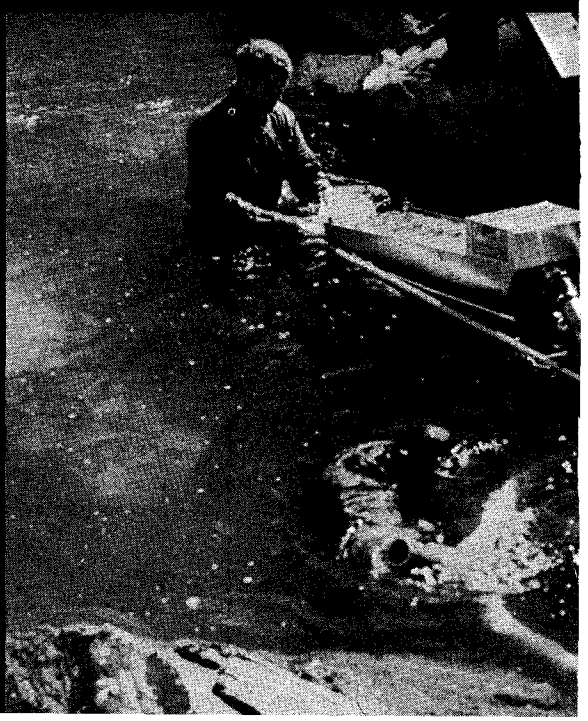
Today's action on yesterday's rivers . . .

UNDERWATER PAY





Right: Divers use a 3-inch Keene surface dredge on the Rubicon River. Tank floating on right is reserve air which allows diver time to return to the surface in case of engine failure. Below: Underwater view of a diver using a jet dredge to remove gold-bearing gravel from a crevice. Below right: A diver in the Trinity River uses a 6-inch dredge to remove large deposits of overburden.

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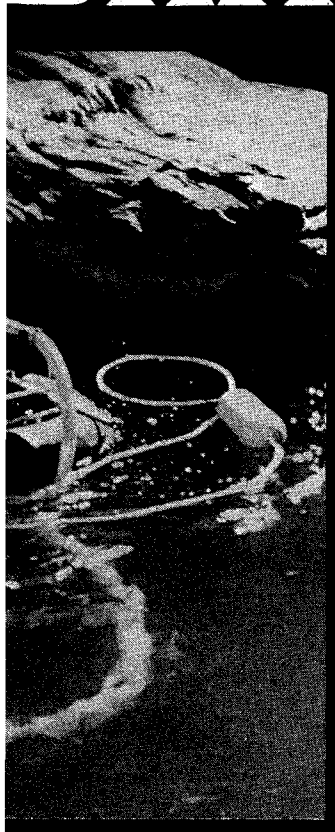
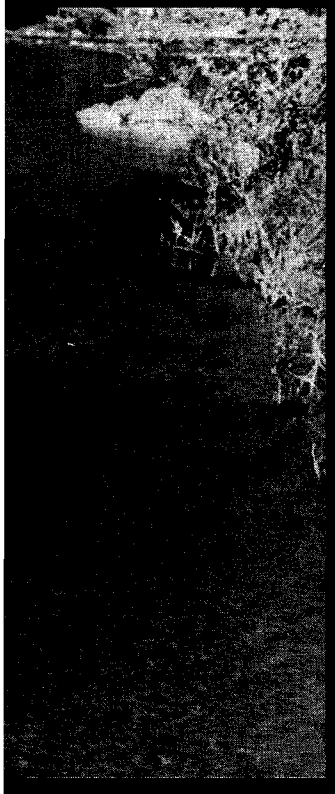
BY ELLSWORTH BOYD

Photos Courtesy Author

DIRT





SINCE the ban on private gold ownership was lifted, throngs of "gold bugs" have stormed the market figuring that it's one of the best shelters against inflation. One group of solid believers—they go down as gold goes up—are divers. To them the "dawn of a golden day" is at hand.

They're singing the refrain from the original '49ers' song: "There's plenty of gold in the world we're told, on the banks of the Sacramento." But they're adding the Yuba, Bear, Feather, American and Klamath Rivers, plus hundreds of other streams and tributaries stretching from California to Nevada, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Canada and Alaska. With so many pots of gold to pursue, divers appear ready to catapult over the rainbow.

There are two types of gold-diving prospectors—the hobbyist and the full-time professional. Both have one thing in common—the fulfillment of a dream that offers a special kind of excitement. There's continual hope and eager expectation that under an adjacent rock or in the next crevice lies a bonanza of shiny nuggets! Such was the fate of Manny Rojas, former full-time gold diver, now a sales representative for National Air Lines, Miami, Florida.

"Steve O'Connell and I were working the North Fork of the Yuba River, five miles below Downieville, doing fairly well but not setting the world on fire," Manny recounted. "Then suddenly Steve noticed a decided change in the bedrock of the stream. Black basalt was peeking through a stretch of sandy overburden. [Overburden is a miner's term for the loose gravel that covers up the bedrock of a river or stream.] Cutting across the creek bed, through the basalt, was a narrow mass of igneous rock that formed a natural crevice four inches wide and eight inches deep. We didn't realize it at the time but we had stumbled onto what the old-timers call a 'glory hole.' The water was only three feet deep, so it wasn't hard for me to reach down with a crevicing bar and pry out some rocks the size of a golf ball. Then I fanned a thin layer of sand away, revealing hundreds of tiny, shining nuggets. We picked out as many as possible and dredged the rest. What a day. We netted $2,500 worth from that single crevice!"

ROJAS and O'Connell used a submersible dredge, one of two types popular among professional gold divers. Often called a "jet dredge" or "sucker," it acts like an underwater vacuum cleaner. It's basically a lightweight metal tube with a forty-five degree bend at one end and a riffle tray attached to the other end. Water under high pressure is pumped through a connection at the bend in the tube, creating a suction which picks up sand and gravel and passes it over the riffles. The gold, being heavier than the sand and gravel, gets trapped in the riffles. Driven by a 3½ horsepower surface engine, the submersible dredge is very lightweight and portable. However, you must work underwater to use it. If a hookah rig is needed—compressed air pumped through a one-inch hose about fifteen feet long—it can be operated by the same engine that powers the dredge.

The surface dredge consists of a portable sluice box with a vacuum hose attached for dredging gravel beneath the surface. The suction principle of the unit is the same as the underwater dredge, but the riffle tray is not attached to the nozzle unit. There are riffles in the topside sluice box, but there's also a screen for catching the finer gold as well as the nuggets. A surface dredge has the distinct advantage of a larger sluicing area and the capability for collecting the finer sized gold.

Jerry Keene of Keene Engineering in Northridge, California explained, "Dredges today are lighter and more portable than ever before, and less expensive too. A 1½-inch commercially manufactured unit can be purchased for less than $200. It weighs twenty-five pounds and performs the same task that it took a three-hundred pound unit to do ten years ago. With this rig the prospector can penetrate areas where it would be impossible to pack heavier, more bulky equipment." Keene, a former full-time gold diver, has one of the largest and best equipped prospector's shops in the country.

There are less professional methods of searching for gold, like "sniffing" for it. A "sniffer" is a large syringe, sort of a poor man's adaptation of a suction dredge. It may be as simple as a turkey baster, or a tube with a transparent chamber and squeeze bulb. Some prospectors use an old reliable grease gun with a flexible nozzle on the end. You poke the snout into a crevice, suck in the heavy concentrate, then take it ashore and pan it.

There's a sniffer and there's also a "sniper." In sniping, the diver dons mask and snorkel and leisurely drifts downstream. He looks for crevices in exposed bedrock and cleans them out with a pick or spoon. It's not the most rewarding method, but don't tell John Betty of Grizzly Flat, California that. Betty, on his second day of sniping for gold in the middle fork of the American River, stumbled, leaned down to steady himself, and came up with a gold nugget weighing seven and three-quarter ounces!

"Is this what we're looking for?" he asked his companion, Dick Eberhard of Placerville. He tossed it to Eberhard, who thought anything that big must be fool's gold and threw it back into the river. But he had second thoughts when he saw it sink into a sandy crevice. Eberhard was quick to recover it and, awed by its size, decided it was gold after all. It's now a collector's item worth over $2,000!

Several large, spectacular nuggets were found recently by part-time gold divers. Two of the largest came from Sierra County. One, found in March 1973, weighed twenty-eight ounces. Another strike in October of the same year was one of the largest discoveries in the state since 1849. This giant gold-quartz nugget, taken from the Yuba River near Downieville, weighed twenty-five pounds. The finders estimate it contains as much as $22,000 worth of gold. As a museum piece it could be worth considerably more.

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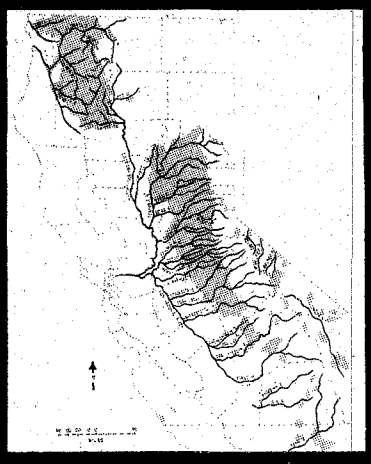
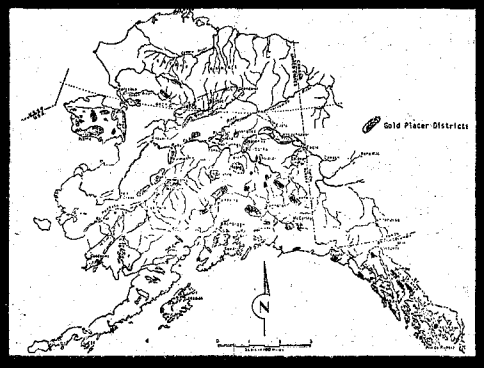
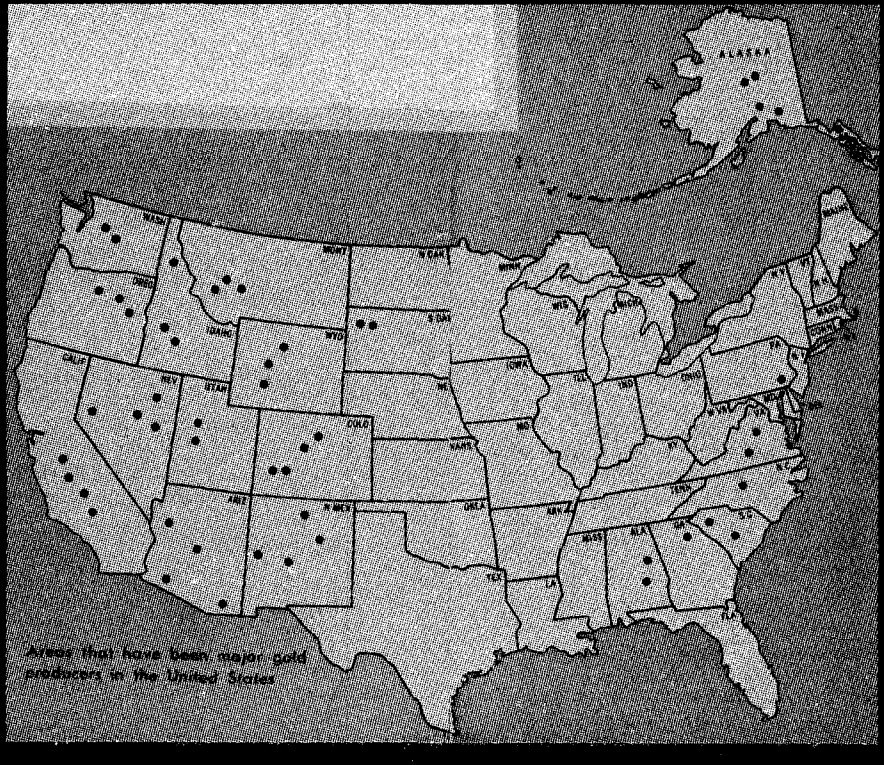


Left: Map of Northern and Central California showing major streams and gold-bearing regions. Below: Gold placer districts in Alaska.



Below: Known placer gold deposits in the United States.

Below: Areas that have been major gold producers.



BUT where and how do you locate pay dirt like this? Nature releases the treasure in her rocky storehouses in various ways. One is through placer concentration. Gold found in streams—placer gold—has accumulated by passing through water. Once it's worn away from its seat in a rock vein, it is borne by streams and rivers toward the sea. As it flows in the rushing waters, gold seeks a resting place at low points along the way.

Deep, narrow crevices and cracks, especially those that occur in steeply dipping rocks that thrust perpendicular to the stream flow, are favorite gold hideouts. A series of parallel, deep, narrow cracks form natural riffles for gold. In some instances, long trough-like crevices running parallel to the stream flow act as natural sluice boxes.

Deep potholes are very good traps too. Any natural irregularities on the bottom form riffles or pockets to catch gold. The downstream sides of large boulders are favorable sites because the eddying motion of the water promotes gold deposition there. Keep in mind that most gold diving is done in water three to six feet deep.

Finding gold is partly luck and partly intelligent prospecting and painstaking observation. There is no magic formula for determining its presence. Many divers, however, thoroughly research the areas before setting out. There is documented information available from the Division of Mines in each state, showing exactly where and how much gold was removed from the various mining districts in the early days.

The Division of Mines will determine if you need any permits or licenses. They also list the state lands that are open or closed to prospecting. The U. S. Bureau of Land Management supervises federally owned property. Permission from individual owners is necessary when prospecting on private lands and waters. Today, a little research can save a heck of a lot of footwork in the field.

Mike Dillon, a full-time gold diver from Carson City, Nevada, says, "If a diver is determined and has the guts to stick it out, he can pretty well make twenty to thirty dollars a day. I know that ain't much, but it maintains your grubstake. Then just when you're tired, disgusted and really down and out you hit a small 'glory hole' and rake in two to three hundred bucks in one day. Then you're rejuvenated. But after a couple of weeks this life gets boring and tiresome. You've got to put in a minimum of six hours a day, usually three in the morning and three in the afternoon. There are no conveniences out there in the wilderness. You gotta cook your own meals, sleep on the ground and you get waterlogged and sunburnt. You may wonder what keeps me going. The same thing that motivates people to play a lottery I guess—the chance that I'll strike it rich. I guess I've got a case of good old-fashioned 'gold fever'!"

Wesley G. Bruer, Director of the California Division of Mines and Geology, said, "I don't suppose that gold fever ever died out. It's just been dormant,

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waiting for the price to give it a little more romance." Bruer said requests for literature on gold prospecting have jumped from 10 to 140 per day.

CALIFORNIA, appropriately named "the golden state," is still one of the most popular areas. Its Mother Lode is the richest gold field ever found anywhere on the face of the earth. During the great California gold rush, miners extracted over three billion dollars from all types of gold operations. There's exploration in many areas of California now, including parts of the Mother Lode region and the East and West gold belts of the Sierra Nevada. Prospectors are searching the Klamath Mountains in northwestern California, parts of the basin ranges in the eastern sector of the state and in widely scattered districts in the Mojave Desert region of southeastern California.

Nevada has nearly doubled its production of gold in the past year. John Shilling of the Nevada Bureau of Mines said that gold worth $47.5 million was mined in 1974, compared to $25 million in 1973. Prospecting, including diving, is prevalent in isolated regions of the Sierra Nevada, the Klamath Mountains and San Juan Ridge, Nevada County.

In Montana the principal placer mining districts are in the southwestern part of the state. Some of the best are on the Missouri River and its tributaries, near Helena, where the famous Last Chance Gulch is located.

Idaho's chief dredging area is in the Boise Basin, a few miles northeast of Boise, in the west-central part of the state. Other productive sites are along the Salmon River in Lemhi and Idaho Counties and on the Clearwater River and its tributaries, particularly Elk City, Pierce and Orofino. Fine-grained or flour gold is being panned and dredged from the sands of the Snake River in southern Idaho.

Placers in Colorado have been highly productive in the Fairplay district in Park County and the Breckenridge district in Summit County.

Oregon's most important mining regions are in the northeastern sectors of the state. Placer gold is abundant in many of the streams that drain the Blue and Wallowa Mountains. One of the most prosperous districts is near Sumpter on the upper Powder River. The Burnt River and its tributaries are yielding substantial finds too.

Traces of placer gold have been turning up in the Black Hills of South Dakota, particularly in the Deadwood area and on French Creek near Custer. Ample discoveries too, have been made in Washington on the Columbia and Snake Rivers.

(In the eastern states, limited amounts of gold have been washed from some of the streams that drain the eastern slopes of the southern Appalachian region, including parts of Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. Minute quantities have been obtained from placer deposits in New England. Other placer deposits in the East may be discovered, but prospecting for them requires sub-

(Continued on page 36)

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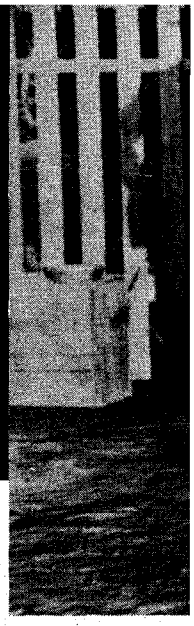
STAR MASSACRE

According to the medicine man everything that happened had been foretold in the skies. Too bad the streaking comet couldn't have revealed the real perpetrators as well...



BY C. KUTAC

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS CLAIMED that Dan Ts'osi, a young Navajo, killed four people in the southeastern portion of Utah in 1908. A fifth victim was wounded. Dan, a teenager, was convicted and sent to Leavenworth, Kansas.

Nevertheless, a number of things about the multiple murders just don't seem to add up. One is that a few hours after the murders, Dan attempted a getaway, using a .22 caliber rifle that would not fire when he pulled the trigger—yet it was the same rifle that supposedly had been the murder weapon.

No one can deny that Dan Ts'osi had plenty of opportunity to commit the murders for he and the victims lived in the same hogan, not far from the San Juan River. As for motive, the previous seven years of Ts'osi's life provided him with more than enough.

Dan had just turned fifteen the year of the murders, but for seven years, ever since they had been orphaned, Dan, his younger brother Tony, and their sister had lived in the home of another Navajo, Nakinolin.

Nakinolin's wife was the sister of the children's dead mother, and caring for the children of a dead relative was in accordance with the Navajo way of life. So it was no great act of charity for Nakinolin to take in Dan, Tony and their sister; he was merely doing what any other Navajo would have done in the same situation.

But although Nakinolin and his wife may have taken in the children, the home they provided for them was anything but pleasant. The meals fed them were meager, barely enough to keep them alive, and they were poorly clothed.

Nakinolin and his wife had a son, Chi Yashi, who acted as if his main purpose in life was to make Dan and Tony mis-

Photo Courtesy National Archives

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Photo Courtesy National Archives

Left: Dan Ts'osi and the rifle with which he was supposed to have killed four people. Above: Holding the rifle is Dan Ts'osi and to his left is David Yazhi.

erable. From the day Dan and Tony joined the household, Chi Yashi lived a leisurely existence because he forced the two brothers to do all the chores, including his own. He kept Dan and Tony in line by endless scoldings and frequent whippings. From time to time, when Chi Yashi was out riding, he forced his horse to run over the two boys. Dan and Tony were often bruised and shaken up, but no permanent damage was done.

With increasing interest, Nakinolin watched Dan's sister mature. He was fascinated by her, and it wasn't long before he looked upon the young girl with more than fatherly affection. When he took Dan's sister as a second wife, she had no choice but to go along with his wishes.

IF THAT wasn't reason enough for Dan to despise his aunt, uncle and cousin, he soon found out that other Navajos living in the area believed that his foster family were witches. Although it was the twentieth century, Navajos had the same reaction to witchcraft as did the residents of Salem, when they had their witch hunts centuries ago. The Navajos believed that witches deserved to die. Most of the Indians feared witches too much to undertake the murder of one, but they in no way condemned someone else who killed one; in fact, they felt that the murderer had done a public service, for the good of the tribe. Such being the case, any Navajo living in the district would have had a motive for killing Nakinolin, his wife and their son Chi Yashi.

It was a common belief that Nakinolin had put a curse on a man who was wasting away and couldn't be helped by any of the desert remedies that were available. The dying man had bet on the outcome of a horse race with Chi Yashi, and they got into a vicious argument when Chi Yashi lost. A few days after the race, the man who had won Chi Yashi's money sickened and stayed that way throughout the summer, fall and into winter. Finally his friends called a famous medicine man who had great powers and a high success rate when it came to saving dying people.

The medicine man prayed over his patient, then went outside into the night and looked at the stars. (Star gazing was a ceremony in which the medicine man, in a trance-like state, divined truth from the skies.) The medicine man said that he saw Nakinolin, his wife and Chi Yashi, then a shooting star crossed the heavens and the medicine man saw the three fall —first the old man, then his son, and finally the oldest wife. This meant, the medicine man explained, that the three had bewitched the dying man, but when they fell it showed that the medicine man's powers were greater.

Indeed, the dying Navajo did recover, which meant that Nakinolin, his wife and their son were doomed; for when a witch's curse fails, then the witch will surely die because the curse has been turned back upon himself.

(Eleven months later, when Nakinolin and the others were murdered, some believed that the person who killed them was merely an instrument carrying out the punishment that fate had destined for the witches long before.)

AS could be expected, Dan Ts'osi spent as much time away from Nakinolin's hogan as possible, and a lot of his spare time was spent with David Yazhi, another teenager. The two boys swapped confidences, as friends do, and it was David Yazhi who suggested that Dan kill his foster parents.

That was the state of affairs when, just before Christmas, Dan Ts'osi and David Yazhi led a number of men to Nakinolin's hogan, claiming that someone had killed the family. Dan Ts'osi carried the single-shot, small .22 rifle that had belonged to Chi Yashi.

The Indians, arriving at the hogan, found that Nakinolin and Chi Yashi had been shot in the head. Both must have died almost instantly.

Chi Yashi's mother had been shot in the breast but had managed to crawl out of the hogan before she was brutally axed to death, her head crushed by the blows. Nakinolin's second wife, Dan's own sister, had also been shot in the breast, and she had suffered all night. She gasped her last breath just as the Indians arrived.

The men looked for tracks that the murderer might have left, but they couldn't find any. They did find a drop of blood on a stick, so they hunted further and found blood on the fence, where Zani Yashi, a woman who was staying at the hogan with her infant son, had crawled through. The woman had made good her escape for they could see her barefoot tracks leading away from the hogan.

As the men and the two teenage boys headed back towards McElmo Wash, two women called out to them. One was Zani Yashi who had been shot at the hogan.

"Who did all the killings?" one of the men called to her.

She pointed and said, "Those two boys with you did it."

Dan and David did their best to escape, but the .22 rifle would not fire, so they were taken captive by members of their own tribe. Dan was arrested and in his confession he implicated David, and so David was arrested too. Dan's younger brother Tony was found guilty of failing to warn the family that his brother was going to murder them.

Tony was merely placed in the school at Shiprock, as he had no real part in the murders. Dan Ts'osi, however, was sent to prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.

One of the strange aspects of the killings was that two years later, Dan wrote a letter to Indian Agent Shelton and asked for the addresses of his sister and uncle. Shelton certainly couldn't have been a man noted for his tact, because he wrote back, "If you remember, you killed your sister and your aunt and also your uncle and your cousin."

So it would seem that Dan had no memory of killing his relatives; and why would he have killed his sister in the first place, as she was not one of those who had mistreated him.

There's something else about the crime that doesn't make sense. If Dan committed all four of the murders and wounded

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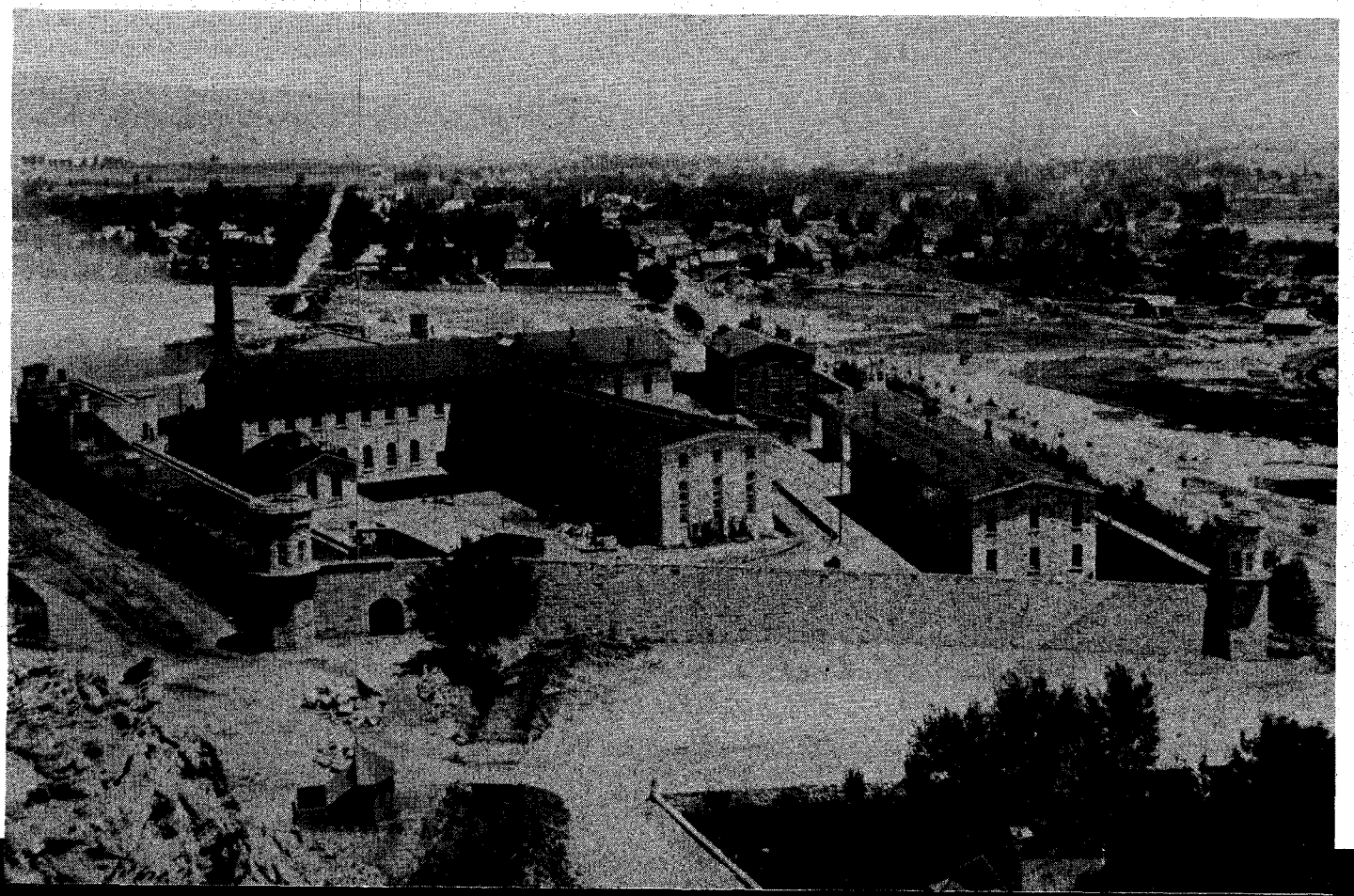
What the state penitentiary looked like at the time of the riot. A guard in the nearest tower was shot.

Photo Courtesy Library, The State Historical Society of Colorado



PRISON RIOT!

—Proof that conditions don't always change with and also proof that human nature doesn't change

THIS is the story of Shorty Irwin, one of my good friends, and of the October 3, 1929 riot at the Colorado State Penitentiary. I had known Shorty since about 1918, about the time he started working for Dud VanBuskirk on his ranch in Shaw Park. Dud and I ran our cattle on the open range. My wife and I were on our homestead in Webster Park. We were there until January of 1923 when Dud went into partnership with us and we moved down to Shaw Park on his ranch. We used our homestead for a cow camp, and rode from there a lot of the time. By this time Shorty Irwin was running a road camp at Devil's Gap working Dud's teams for the county road from Three Mile to Twelve Mile Park.

Shorty was a bald-headed Irishman, an outgoing sort of person and a friend of almost everyone. On the 1918 roundup when Bill MacKenzie got right on my stomach with his knees and feet, took out his pocket knife and cut chunks of my hair out, laughing all the time he was doing this, I didn't like it one bit and it took four good men to hold me down. After they got a lot of my hair cut they got out the syrup bucket and spread syrup on Shorty's bald head, then stuck some of my hair in the syrup. Shorty didn't object at all; that is the sort of person he was.

Dud VanBuskirk and I had been partners since 1923 and I was running the ranch. I happened to be in North Cañon that day of the riot, putting up hay on one of the Harding farms owned by Mrs. D.P. VanBuskirk.

Right after noon two men and I were going to our hayfield when I saw Milo Means, who was running the other Harding farm with convicts. The penitentiary had the farm leased and Milo was the boss.

Milo had his convict crew gathered around him not doing anything. I asked him why he wasn't putting up hay and he said, "A riot has just started down at the pen and I am keeping my men right with me." Then he told me that Shorty Irwin

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was the first man killed in the riot. That made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I told my men to do what they could.

I had a Model-A Ford pickup and drove down to the pen as fast as I could. When I came to the wall back of the deputy warden's house, there were men everywhere. They had a scaffold against the wall so you could see over it into the yard and the buildings. The upstairs part of the dining hall was on fire.

I got there about 1:30. There were three men with rifles on this scaffold. I didn't have a gun but I climbed up there. There was a priest from the Abbey down on Main Street up there. He tried to tell me I couldn't stay up there because I didn't have a rifle. I told him he didn't have one either.

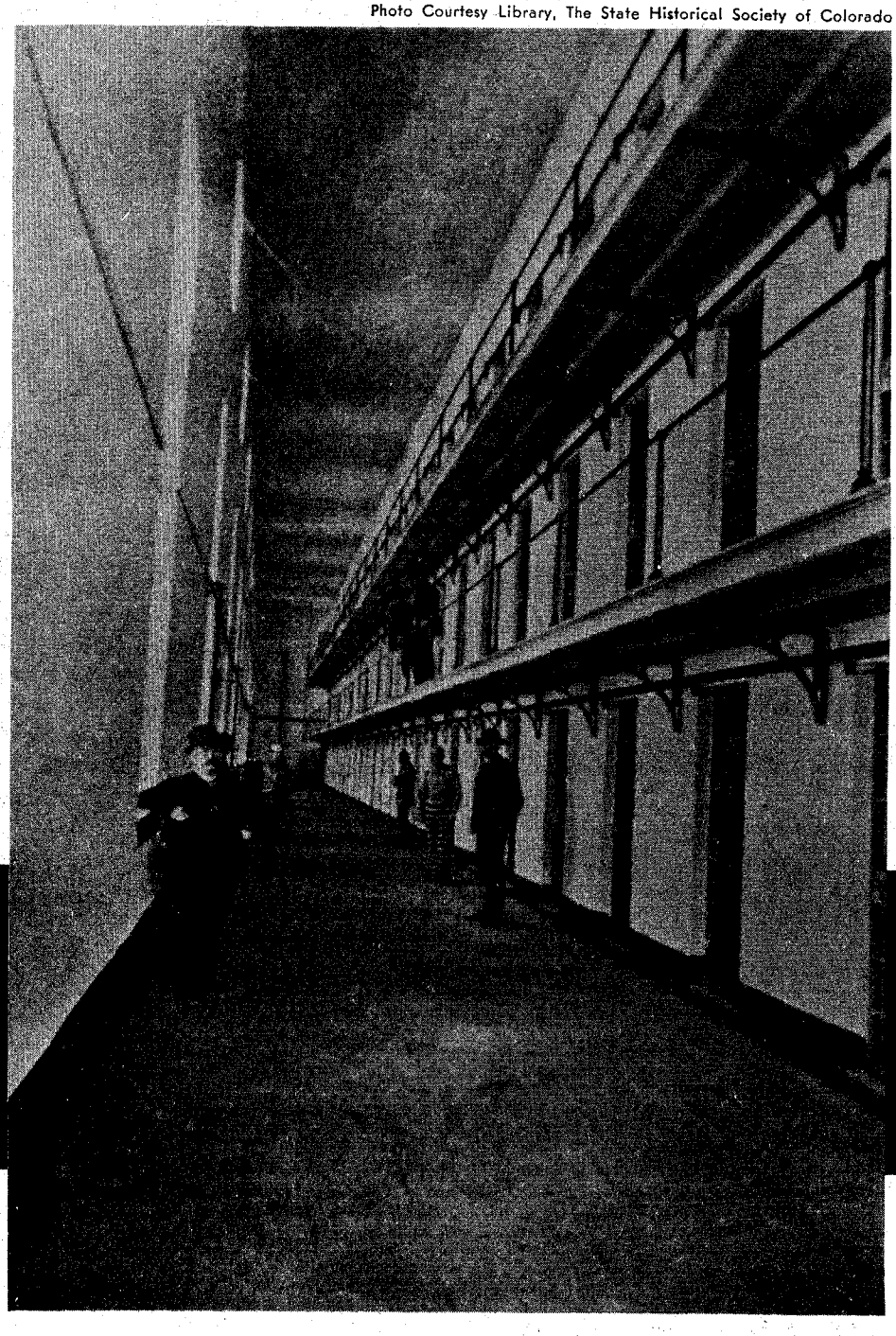
Anyway I got up there and watched what was going on. The building where the fire was must have been about three hundred yards away and you could see men in the upper story trying to put the fire out, I suppose.

Whenever anyone got in front of a window the men with the rifles would shoot at him. I thought that was a crazy thing to do when they were trying to put the fire out.

OUTSIDE of the back wall was a sort of hut that an old life-timer convict stayed in night and day. His job was to take care of a bunch of hogs they had in

Inside the cell house as it looked during the riot of 1929.

Photo Courtesy Library, The State Historical Society of Colorado



BY PAUL L. HUNTLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

the calendar—at all!

some pens. He was a real old man. About 4:30 he came out of his hut and started going down to feed the hogs. The priest tried to get the men with rifles to shoot that harmless old man, and I think they would have done it if I hadn't stopped them. That is how crazy they were. I told them if they shot that old man I would see that they would go to the pen themselves. That old man did not have a single thing to do with the riot.

It was just by chance that Shorty Irwin came in that day. He had been working some men on another job. A captain told him to go up and be gun guard during the noon meal that day. They kept a .30-30 rifle locked in an inside tower back of the dining hall. You climbed up a ladder to a door that was kept locked while the gun was in there. It was taken out only at meal times. There was a walkway over the dining hall where a guard walked back and forth, carrying the rifle, keeping order while several hundred convicts were eating.

When Shorty came back and locked the rifle in the tower, Jim Purdue and Danny Daniels had not gone out of the dining hall but had hidden near the tower where the gun was kept. A six-shooter had been smuggled in to them in a load of coal.

Shorty had the key, which was kept in the office, when he came down the ladder. Daniels shoved the six-shooter close to Shorty's side and told him to give them the key. Instead of doing this Shorty tried to grab the gun with his left hand and hit Daniels with his right. He nearly succeeded—the end of his thumb was shot off when Daniels fired the shot that killed him.

Daniels and Purdue then went up to the tower where the .30-30 was kept. They had taken the key from Shorty. They then went to the upper story over the dining hall. There they had already taken off the window screws on both sides of the building. No one had noticed that this had been done.

Ray Brown, a guard, was on top of the administration building and there was

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Roy Best was a pretty good cowboy.

nothing for him to get behind to hide. They shot him dead—the second guard to die. The two men then crossed the building to where they could see the back guard tower. I believe Walter Rinker was there. He probably heard the shot and was outside looking around. The two convicts shot him dead.

One of the two convicts had started a fire in the upper part of the building. Daniels, Purdue and several more desperate convicts then went to the southwest tower in the corner where the road comes in. A guard came out and looked down at them (I don't know his name) and they shot him from below. The bullet went right through him.

The convicts then went to the tower west of there. The guard could open the gate—the west gate—from this tower. A colored man, his name was Pete, had sense enough to stay hid. They yelled for him to open the gate but he was lying on the floor and remained hidden. So the convicts failed to get out that way.

Gathering eight or more guards, the convicts then went up into the upper story of Cell House 3. This was a good, solid stone building. There they barricaded themselves and their hostage guards.

The convicts then sent word to the warden, F.E. Crawford, that they would send him a dead guard every hour until he furnished a car in which they could leave. They killed and sent over three guards, and still the warden would not give in to them.

Crawford had not been warden long; he had been chief clerk for a long time. Boone Best had been warden. Late one night a convict was driving Best home from Denver. The convict claimed that he ran out of gas right on the railroad track. It was about two or three o'clock in the morning. Best was asleep in the back seat. The convict claimed that he went hunting for gas. He could have pushed the car off the track, at least, or could have awakened Best. It was claimed that this was a deliberate plan to kill the warden because he was about to expose a ring of dope smugglers that was getting dope and other countraband inside the prison. This was done, like the six-shooter, in loads of coal.

Anyway, a train came along and hit the car. Boone Best was killed. Crawford was appointed to serve as warden.

NOT ONE prisoner escaped in the riot. If any had come over the walls there would have been people, like the ones I was with, who would have shot them. I think there were people all around the walls.

We could see Ray Brown lying on the roof of the administration building, also the dead guard hanging over the railing on the back tower, the third guard killed.

One guard, Marvin Dunckan, lay down on the floor and acted as though he was dead. I don't blame him. There were several guards being held and I bet they were all wondering if they would be next.

Finally when Daniels and Purdue realized that there was no way out, Daniels started walking back and forth. About four o'clock he shot Purdue and then himself.

About this time a plane with tear gas had come down from Denver. If they had had tear gas at the prison when the riot started they probably could have saved

(Continued on page 44)

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THE "BIG BARKER"

BY FLOSSIE JOHNSON BLIESNER

Photos Courtesy Author

—Said to be the largest rifle of its time

AFTER my grandfather's death in 1911, my grandmother was very grieved, and a neighbor who had wanted to buy his gun many times before, now begged and bothered so much that my grandmother sold it to him for eighty dollars, which at that time was considered a large sum of money. She really did not want to sell it and later realized what a mistake she made. Grandma kept only the pistol that Grandpa always carried by his side, plus a hunting knife in a sheath that was always with him on his many hunting trips.

The following stories are written just as they were told to me by my grandmother and mother. Grandma loved to tell how she first met Grandpa, so thus my story begins.

John William Boyer first saw his bride-to-be as she whirled around in a square dance. Never having set foot upon a dance floor himself, he asked a fellow standing next to him if he knew who the pretty little girl with the dimpled cheeks and long brown curls was. After being answered with a positive, he then asked if the fellow would do the honor of introducing them. Thus began the courtship of John Boyer and Barbara Mary Longenecker.

Three girls were born to them during their married life: my mother Sarah Catherine; Matilda (Mamie); and Maudie. The children were born in Illinois. After Maudie, the youngest, died at the age of two and a half years, my grandparents loaded their belongings onto a wagon and moved to Texas. Their funds grew low at one time and Grandpa was forced to trade some of his carpenter tools, valued at over a hundred dollars, for one sack of flour, a can of baking powder, one pound of coffee and one pound of lard.

One time Grandpa and some other carpenters was working on a large bridge, building it as the architect had designed the construction. The bridge would not hold and the architect didn't know what to do. That night in a dream the way to design it came to my grandpa. He got up and drew the plans and after building it this way, the bridge held.

At one time Grandpa was a county sheriff and received a telegram to meet

(Continued on page 49)

J. W. Boyer of Rogers, Arkansas, and daughter Mamie.

Family photo of John W. Boyer, his wife Barbara, left; and daughters Sarah, forefront, and Mamie, standing.

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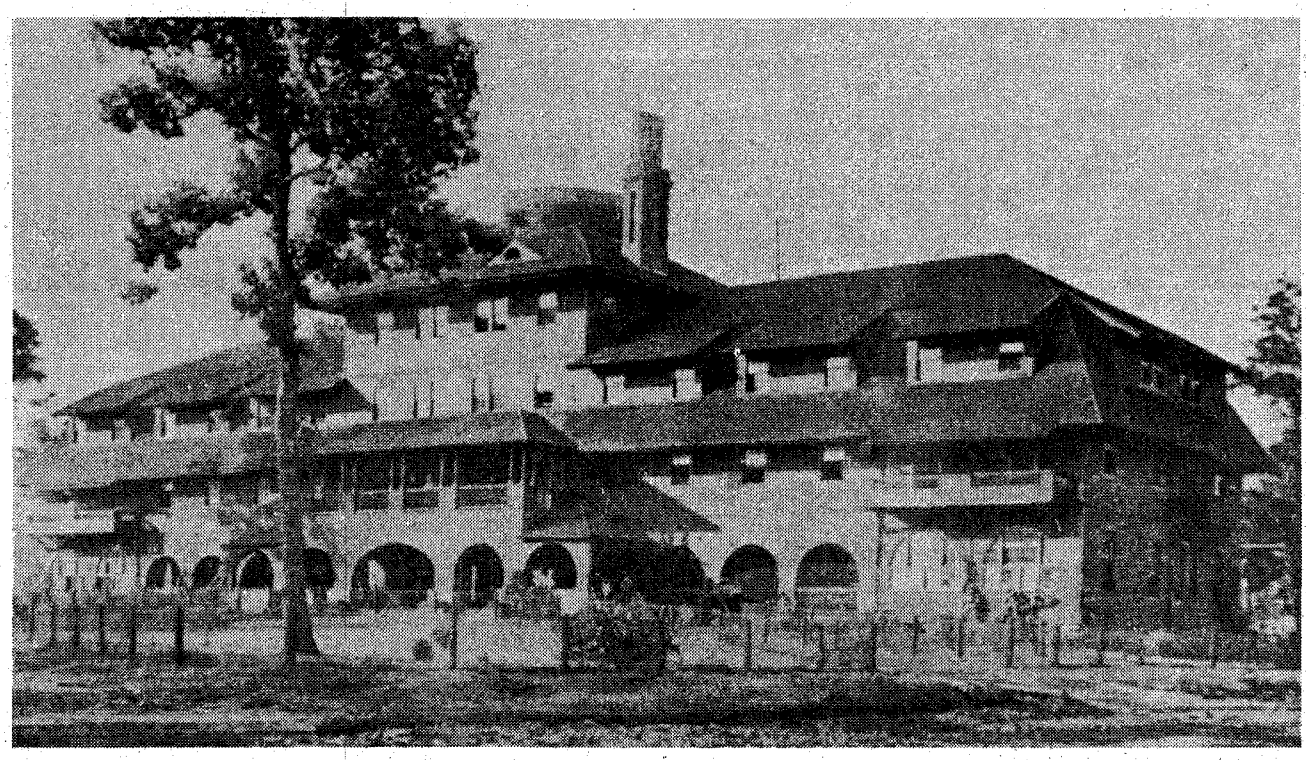
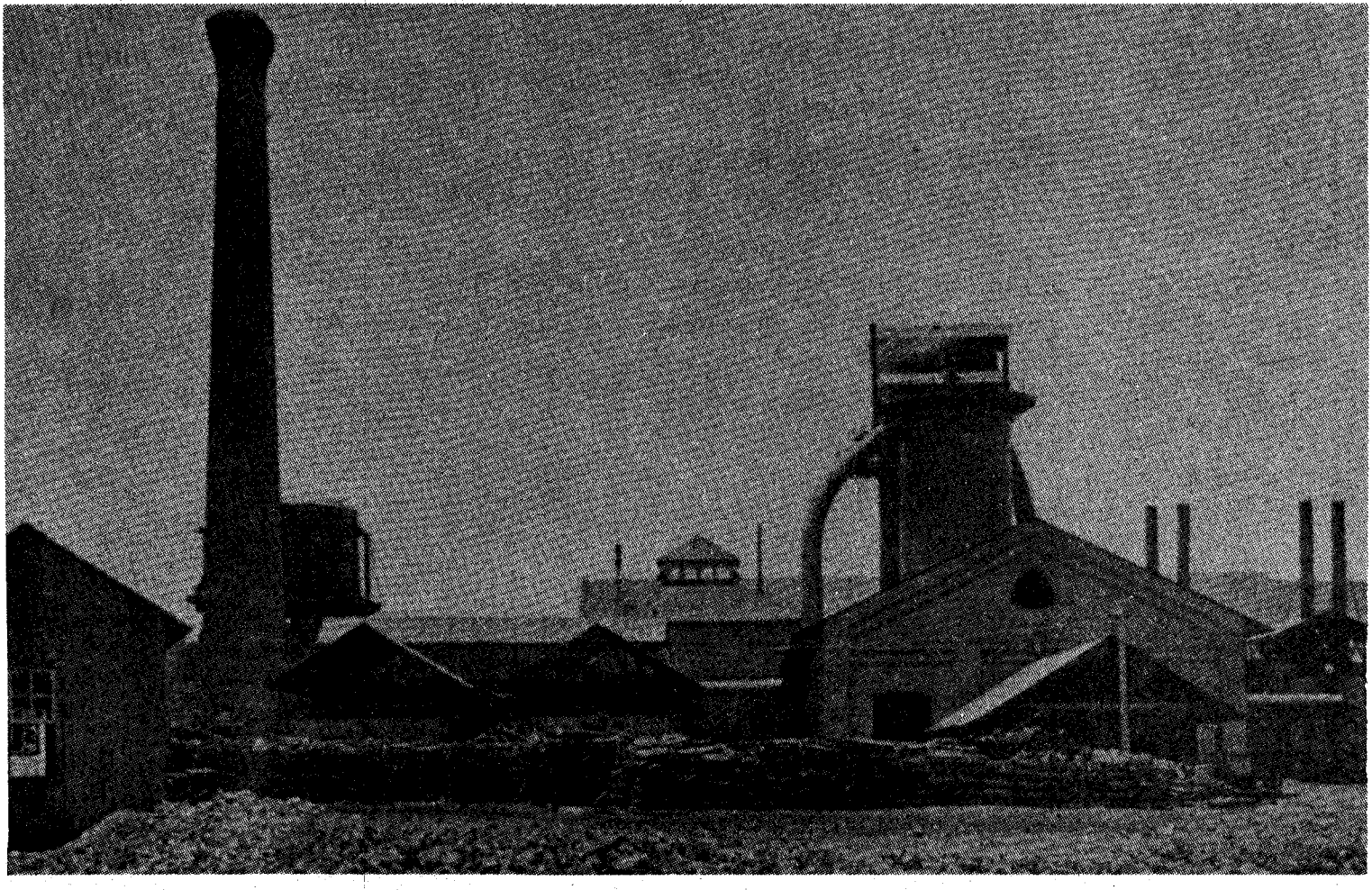


The Southern Hotel.

IRON QUEEN OF



"Tassie Belle" furnace had a capacity of 50 tons per day.

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Mining iron ore within the city limits.

THE SOUTHWEST

New Birmingham, Texas—how could such a permanent settlement totally disappear?

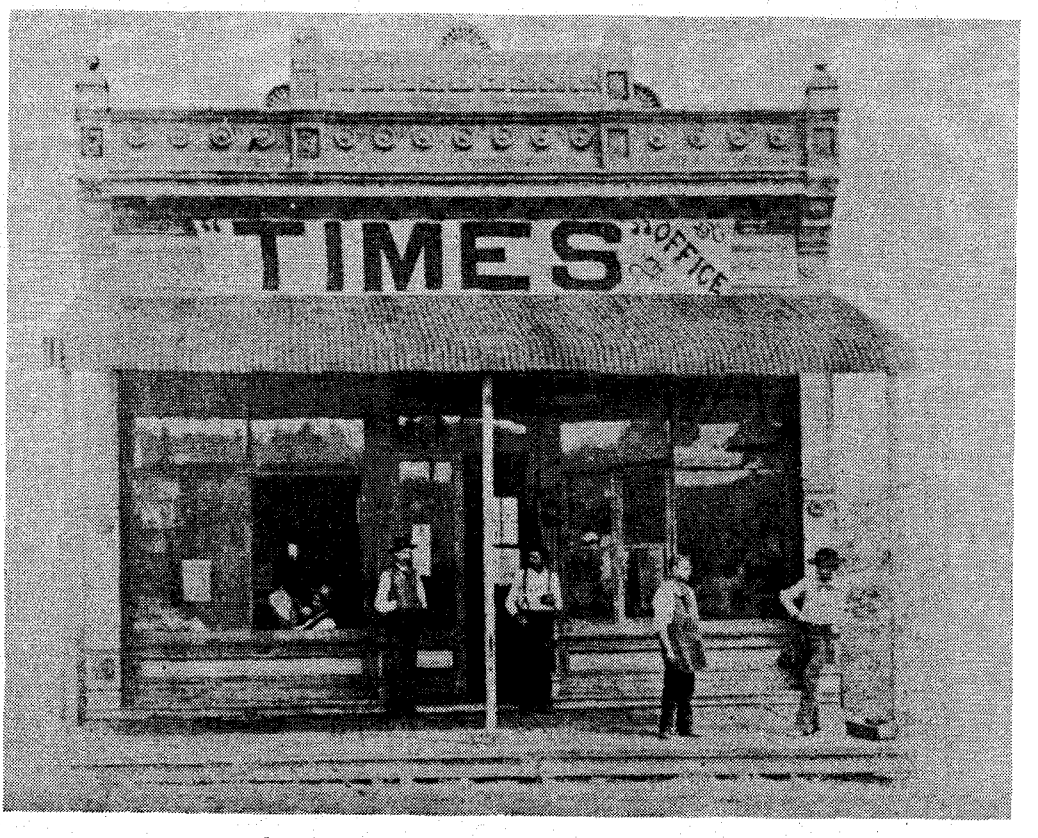
BY LEON J. BURKS

Photos Courtesy Author

MOST Western ghost towns of the latter half of the nineteenth century are the result of valuable ore or mineral deposits becoming exhausted. Mining camps were often of temporary construction, were flimsily built, and little or nothing remains of them except in the desert West or Southwest where an arid climate has helped preserve them.

The old ghost town of New Birmingham, Texas, was an exception. The town was built solidly of brick, and the ores she was built to develop were left almost intact. They remain so today. However, not one visible remnant of this town exists, and only among the older generation is the story of the ghost sometimes remembered.

In the mid-1880s the New Birmingham Iron and Improvement Company, with a paid up capital of $3,500,000 plus some 20,000 acres of iron, mineral and timber lands, began clearing away the virgin forest for the townsite. By 1891 over 400 buildings stood completed, along with



The *Times Weekly*. Circulation 3,000.

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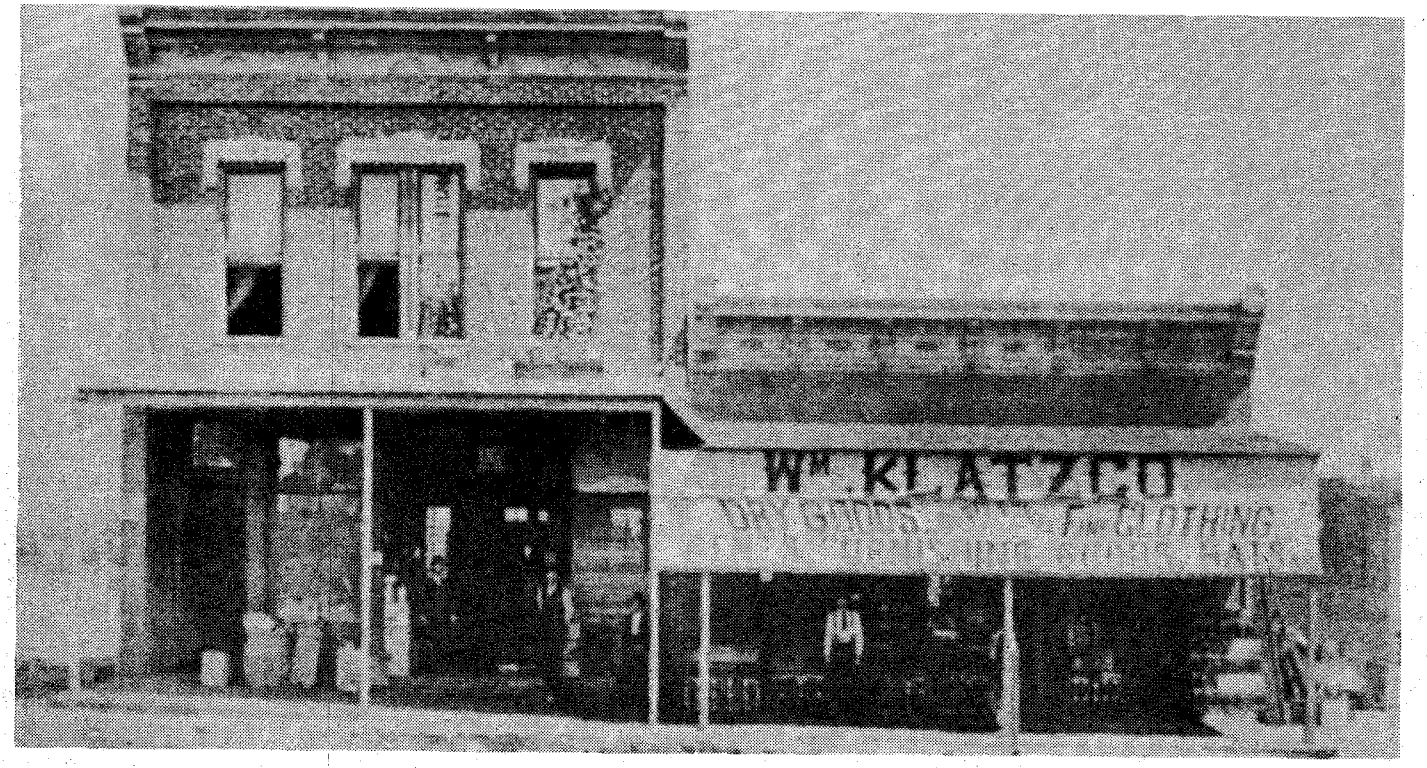

Dallas Street.

two blast furnaces—the "Tassie Belle" and "Star and Crescent," each with a daily capacity of fifty tons of cast iron. There was also a pipe foundry (twenty-five tons per day), a sash and door factory, a planing mill, a steam-operated ice plant, a steam laundry, and the New Birmingham Electric Light Company, all in or near operation. A modern two-story brick school building had gone up, and an "institute for higher learning."

The business section of the town consisted of some fifteen blocks of various establishments fronting on graded streets with a street railway and electric lights. The New Birmingham *Times*, the weekly newspaper had a circulation of 3,000.

New Birmingham was a dream city, built astride vast beds of iron ore. Named after the great iron-producing cities of Alabama and the English midlands, she was touted to be the "Iron Queen of the Southwest."

By far the greatest achievement and crowning attraction of the town was the magnificent Southern Hotel. It was the center of the social and financial life of

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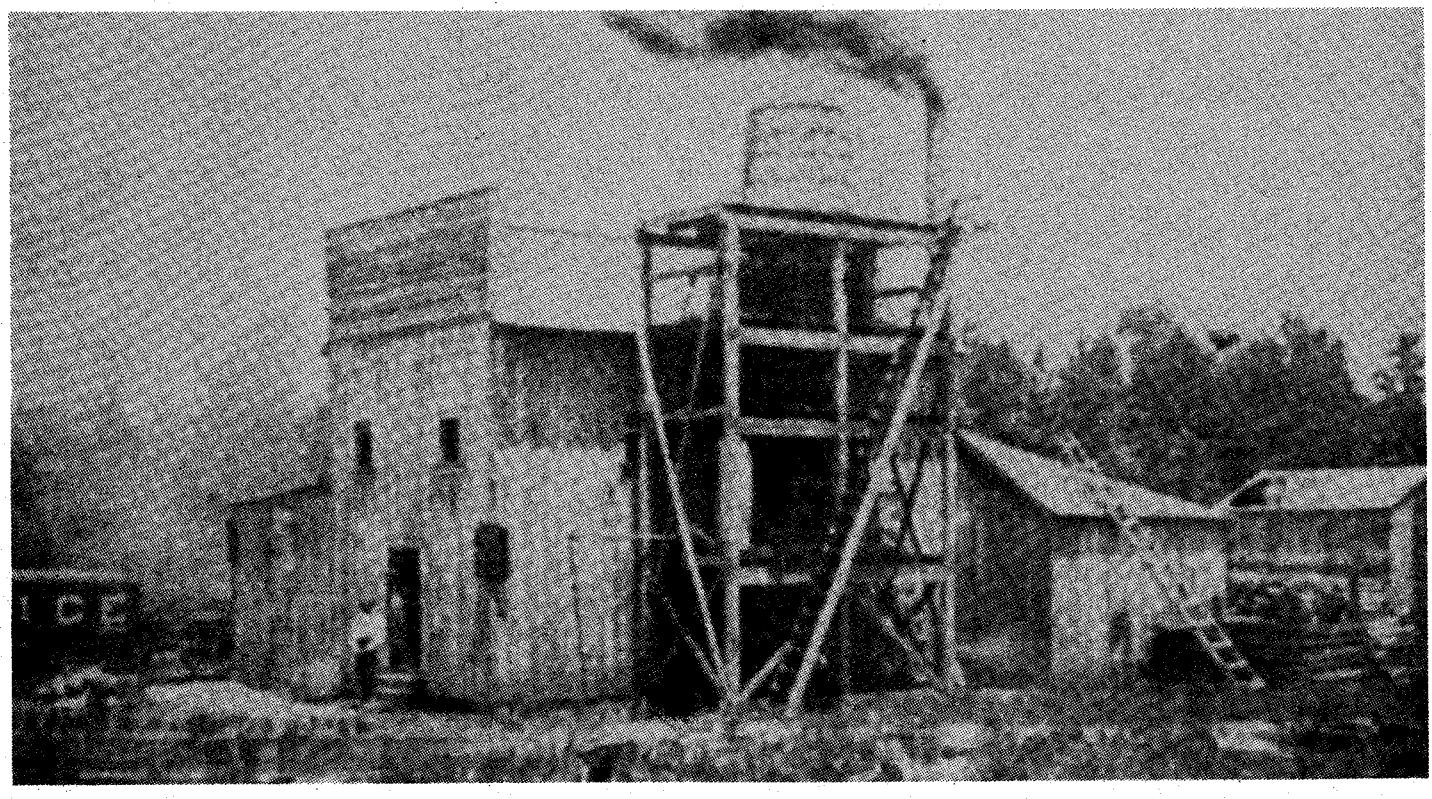
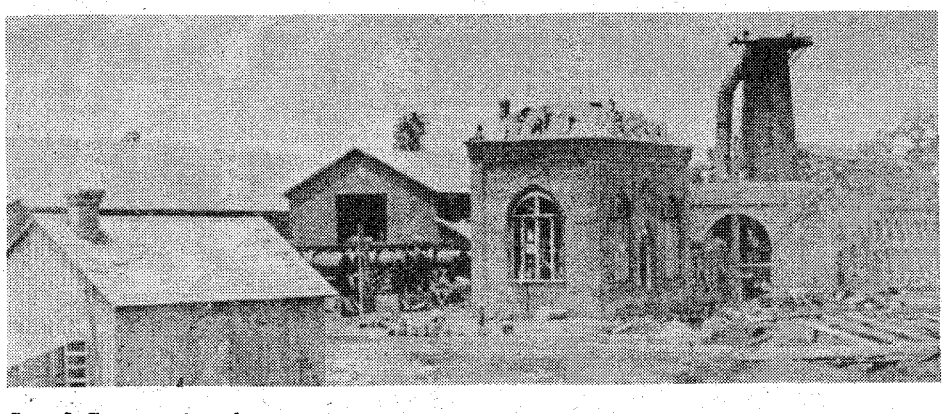
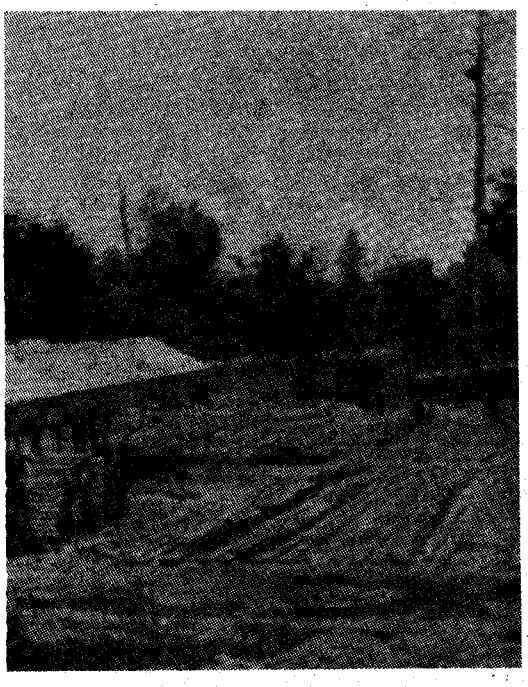


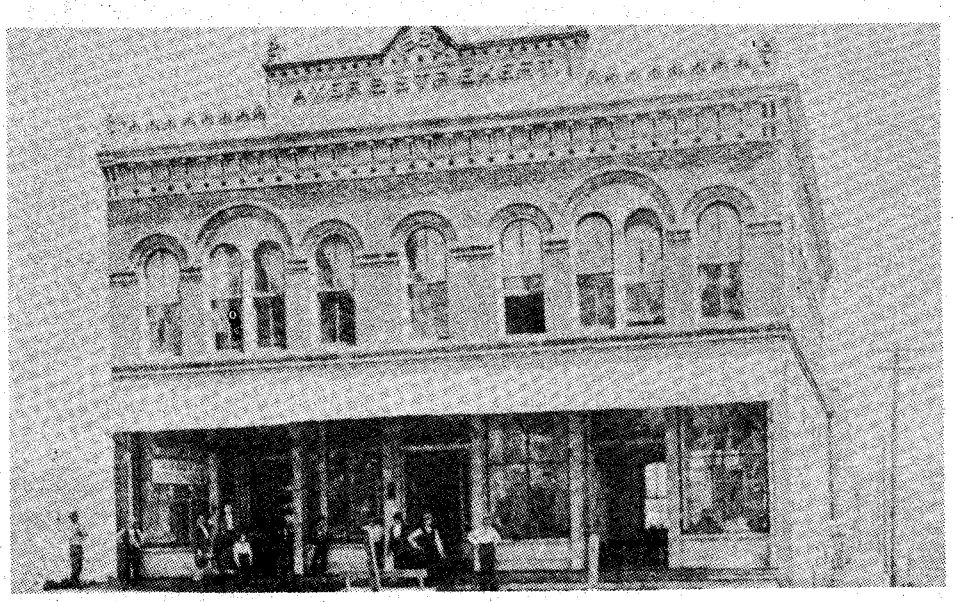
Ice factory.

the city. Inside the well proportioned chalet-type building were elegant parlors and a huge ballroom. In the short but glamorous life-span of the hotel, her guest register bore the names of President Grover Cleveland, Governor James S. Hogg of Texas, the railroad tycoon Jay Gould, and various foreign dignitaries including members of the British



Star & Crescent iron furnace.





Axer & Striekert building.

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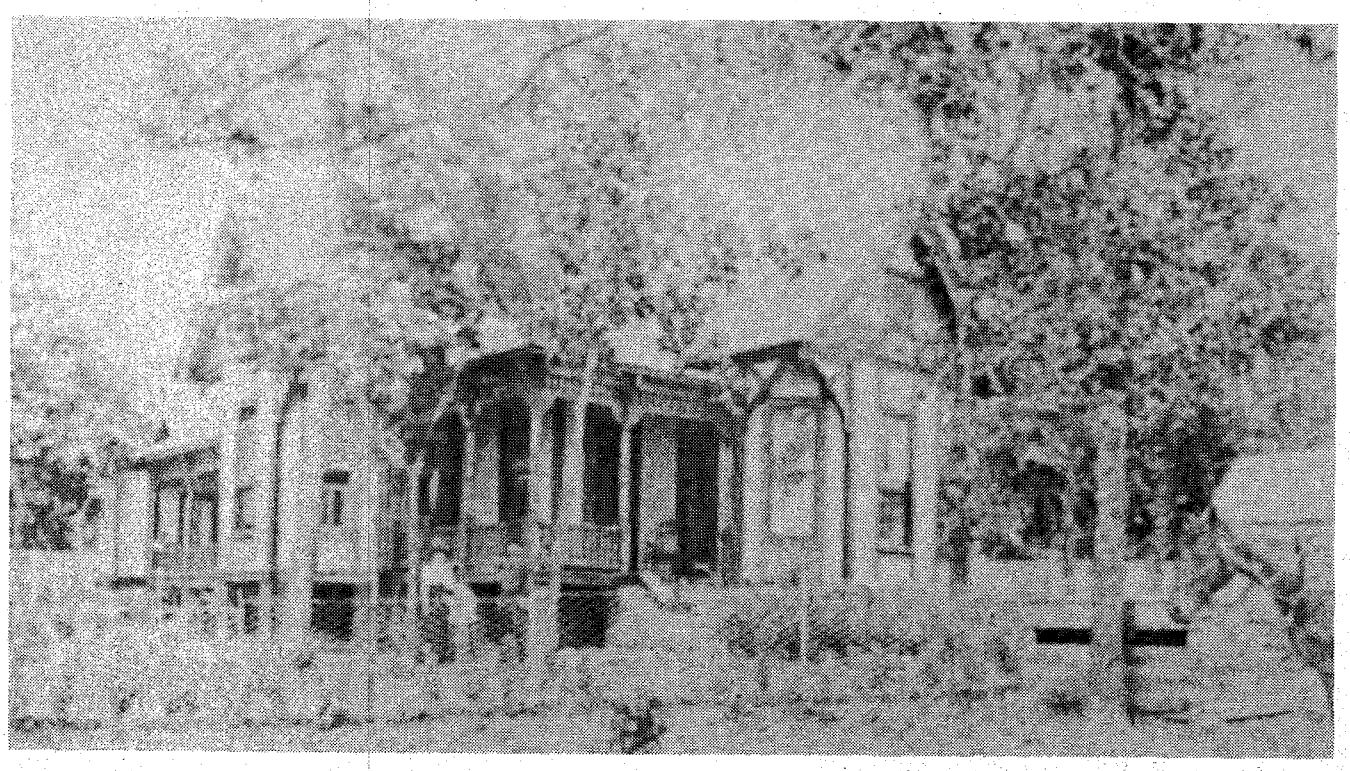

Residence of A. B. Blevins.

Residence of E. S. Stahle.

Residence of W. C. Cloyd.

nobility. The ballroom was the scene of many lavish banquets during the gay nineties.

Fireplaces and mantels in the hotel were built of native stone, as were the arches enclosing a veranda that ran the full length of the building's front. A sun deck was reached by staircase from the ballroom.

By 1893 business was booming and the future of the city seemed assured. Cast iron, as well as products from other plants, lined the tracks of the St. Louis Southwestern railway awaiting shipment.

DESPITE the outlook for a brilliant future, however, the Iron Queen faced a stacked deck. When New Birmingham was first planned, the Southern Pacific had intended to extend its lines from Dallas to New Orleans through the city, giving direct access to the gulf ports for shipping. This route was changed in favor of the present one farther to the north. Then came the "Panic of '93" which drastically curtailed sales. Blast furnaces were forced to cut production and the brilliant lights of the elegant Southern Hotel began to dim.

Then came a disastrous fire at the Tassie Belle furnace, followed by the passage of the Texas alien land act, forbidding the investment of foreign capital in the state. In the face of these events New Birmingham had, by the end of the nineteenth century, taken her place among the Texas ghost cities.

WHEN I first became acquainted with what remained of the town, as a child and teenager, the population had

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Dallas Street.

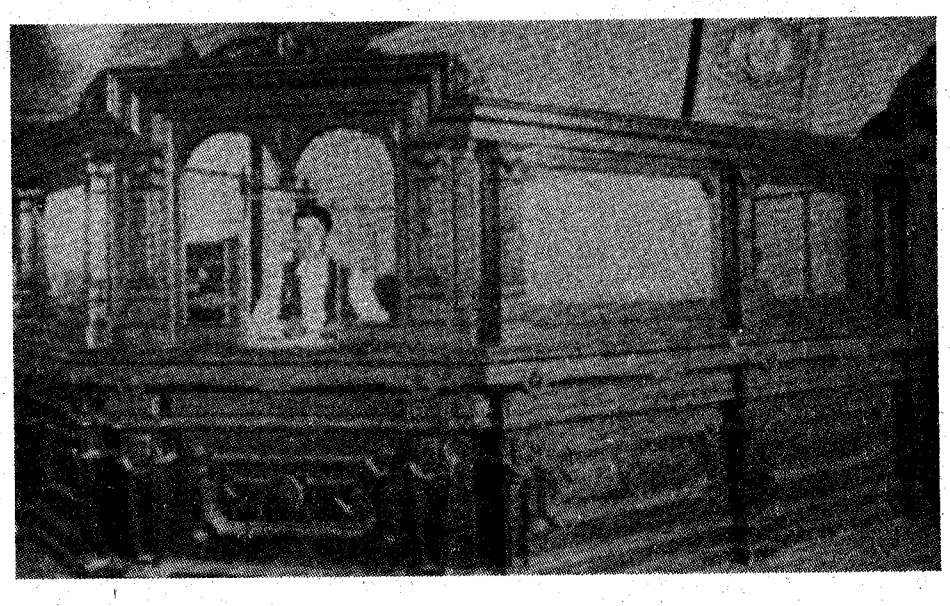
long since departed and the business section had been torn down and carted away; and streets were overgrown with young trees and underbrush. The hulks of the two blast furnaces and the Baker Brick Company with its tall brick stack, standing like guards overlooking the ruins, were intact but covered with undergrowth and rubble. The boiler rooms were infested with snakes and lizards; the great steam engines' drive wheels were long since welded together with rust.

Wide, deep wells that had supplied water for the batteries of boilers were covered over by a green scum.

And then demolition crews moved in. When their work was finished nothing remained of "old" Birmingham but the once magnificent hotel, badly deteriorated and bearing the marks of vandalism. The old building, with its paneless windows and sagging hinges seemed to be hiding in the trees and underbrush. And the long hitching rail that had tethered the matched teams pulling the fringe bedecked carriages of a past era was gone.

Old buildings, especially those with a history of some significance, always evoke "ghosts" and a feeling of foreboding. The old Southern was no exception. Certainly there could have been nothing in the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* more disturbing than a trip along the narrow brush-bordered dirt road that ran a few feet to the rear of the hotel. On a dark windy night, with the wind howling through broken windows and moaning down the long corridors, the doors banging and screeching on their rusty hinges

(Continued on page 51)



Interior F. W. Bonner & Son's Bank.

Stafford Lake.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

and would have gone under two years ago if I hadn't worked during winters.

We haven't gone out to eat fancy since 1974, never go anyplace except to buy groceries, to work and back.

Our entertainment is television, your magazines, and books we get from the library. People here have been paying for two atomic powerplants since 1975 and neither power plant will be operating until 1980 or after, but we've been paying for them—1974's light bill was $38 and now it's $69 for the same watts used.

Hosstail, there's not a blasted thing wrong with America herself! But, God, does she have a whole mess of greedy people in her! Money to us means clothes on our backs, a decent roof over our heads, food on the table and, when needed, to be able to see a doctor or enter a hospital. As for boats, vacations, mansions, furs, etc., we'd never use them or need them, so have no desire for them.

Many kids today don't want a job unless it pays $5.00 an hour and not much work. Most parents around here provide the money and cars for their teenagers, bail them out of jail, etc. We don't. Our kids know if they get picked up by the law they can get themselves out the same way they got in—by themselves.

I hope, Hosstail, I didn't gripe too much. Getting things off your chest sometimes helps clear the air. We love the magazines—so, from an old Kentucky-Tennessee Hillbilly, the best of luck.—Max and Joanne Simpson, Box 120, Wetmore, Kansas 66550

☆ ☆ ☆

Having picked up a copy of *True West* because of "Sumpter Valley" by Ernest Hudspeth (Sumpter is about 100 miles east of The Dalles and I have written ghost town features for nigh onto 35 years now for many national and regional periodicals), I got a real kick out of your editorial and your request for readers' replies. So here goes:

At 62 now, I have been retired six years, keep my hand in writing hardcover books and magazine features, primarily for *Ruralite*, a Northwest monthly "official" organ of REA electrical cooperatives.

You asked for information on occupation, et al. Like Jack London, I've been proficient in a good two dozen professions, trades or what-all, ranging from (1) Indian service school teacher in Alaskan posts; (2) marine cook on an Alaskan cannery tender; (3) camp cook in forest service fire camps, Boy Scout summer camps and on anthropological/archaeological expeditions; (4) high school and college teacher/instructor in chemistry, mathematics, Spanish, German, anthropology, psychology, etc.; (5) Ph. D. Anthropologist on Alaskan scientific expeditions: (6) chief technical writer and/or editor in the missile and aerospace industry; (7) hydrofluoric acid chemical plant operator; (8) railroad section hand on White Pass and Yukon Railroad out of Skagway; (9) forest service seasonal firefighter for very many summers; (10) newspaper reporter/city editor/photographer on a variety of sheets; (11) magazine photojournalist for 40 years (sometimes listed as "staff contributor); (12) psychologist (school, radio astrology); (13) astrologer for one year owning my own radio daily half-hour program on Mexican border stations; (14) and always a free-lance writer.

As a retiree I find my income greatly reduced but my family still lives far more comfortably than I did as a boy in Wyoming. We keep our freezer filled with wholesale foods and, in general operate on a basically 1931 living, premise where all costs of home maintenance and comfort are concerned.

It doesn't take a great deal of money for a family to live a really rewarding life if they have the personal desire to live simply. We finance all our own projects out of our sub-poverty level income and rather enjoy beating the inflationary situation every step of the way. It *can* be done, but I think for anyone or any family to be able to do it, they have to be hard-nosed and self-disciplined and, perhaps, a product of old-time frontier living.—Jay Ellis Ransom, 1821 East 9th Street, The Dalles, Oregon 97058

Underwater Pay Dirt

(Continued from page 23)

stantial expenditures of time and money. Much of it is low grade and difficult to recognize.)

Veteran gold diver Bob MacVean, now residing in Fairbanks, has been working the rivers of our 49th state off and on for five years. He says the bulk of the gold mined in Alaska comes from placers. These are widespread, occurring along all the major rivers and their tributaries. The bounteous region is in the Yukon River basin, which crosses central Alaska and includes extensive deposits at Fairbanks. Dredging in Fairbanks has produced more gold than any other district in Alaska. MacVean dredged some lavish finds, including several "glory holes," in Fairbanks last summer. Other productive strikes have turned up in the drainage basin of the Copper and Kuskokwin Rivers.

Gold! The very word is supercharged with excitement. This remarkable metal has tempted man since the dawn of history. He has lived for it, loved it, lied for it, even died for it. It has lured him to new worlds, goaded him into bloody battles and conjured legends beyond the realm of reality.

And now, like the '49ers, we are tempted to track the trail of gold, a watery passage without end. As long as man seeks gold, as long as he has the wanderlust in his heart, the trail will go on. I feel sure that any diver with determination, time, the proper equipment and a little luck, can find this precious metal.

There are hidden crevices and fine-line fissures beneath the water, concealing a cache of gold that only divers can uncover. Somewhere around the next bend in the river or lodged beneath an ensuing rock lies a "glory hole," a boundless bonanza. Do you have "The Midas Touch," the flair to reap it? A fortune awaits—will you be there? I will!

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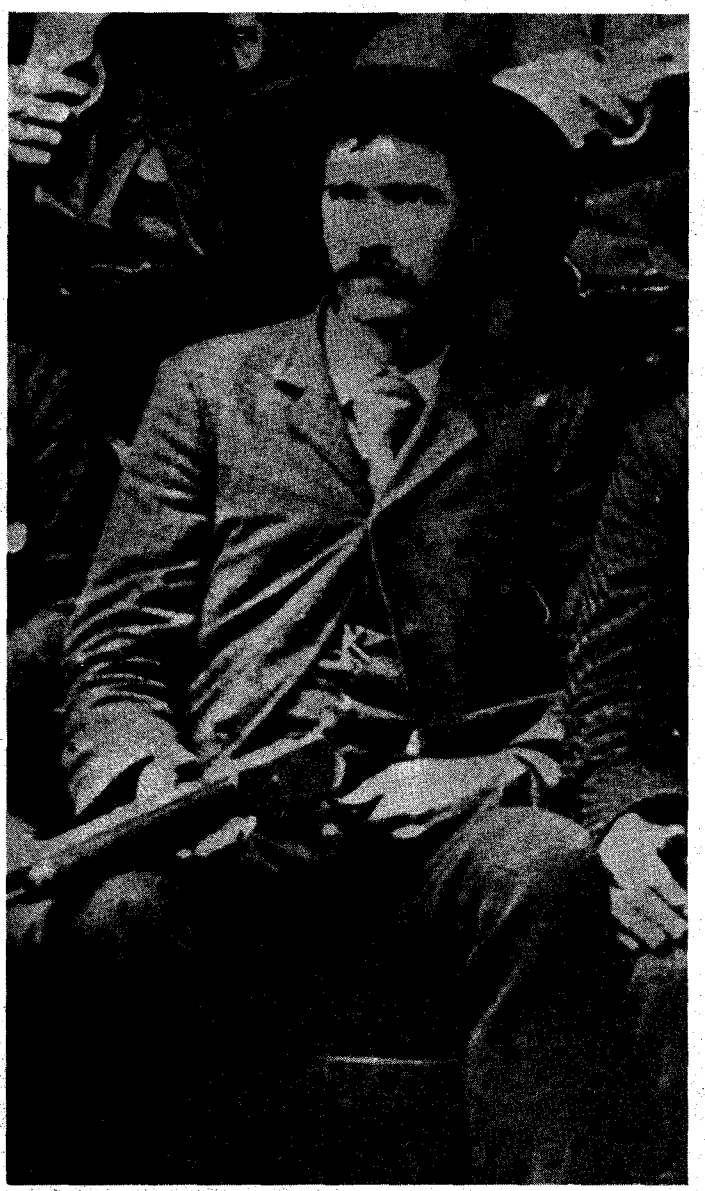
Bruner's Graveyard



"Heck" Bruner.

True or not, he had the reputation of being responsible for a whole section of unmarked graves...

Photo Courtesy W. S. Campbell Collection, Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

BY BOB TURPIN

Photo Courtesy Author

OF ALL the men to ride for Judge Parker's court one of the most feared and respected was Heck Bruner. A native of Siloam Springs, Arkansas, Bruner often served as a posseman under Marshal Barney Connelly. Heck enjoyed the work of a lawman and later when he was offered a job as Deputy United States Marshal he accepted and in 1871, went to work under Marshal Carroll at Van Buren. When the federal court was later moved from Van Buren to Fort Smith, Bruner was transferred as well, and served under Marshal Jacob Yoes.

Bruner was a born lawman, with stubborn persistence and an unusual knowledge of the men he was dealing with. Only too aware of this ability, a group of lawbreakers hiding in the Indian Territory put a bounty on Bruner's head. As a result, many attempts were made to bushwack the marshal, and there were a dozen scars over his body to prove it.

One man was responsible for at least three of these scars. His name was Adams and he would lay in wait for Bruner just across the Arkansas River. At sight of the marshal he would fire one shot then run for his life. He knew if his bullet missed its mark he would never get a second chance. Bruner was probably one of the deadliest shots with both handgun or rifle on the entire force.

The Chickasha *Daily Express* carried a story in 1901 which described a graveyard near Vinita, Oklahoma. The small plot of earth was enclosed by a low wooden fence put there by the townspeople. Inside were twenty-eight unmarked mounds, all the result of Bruner's handiwork. The *Indian Chieftain*, another paper, reported that most of these outlaws had been killed within twenty or thirty miles of Vinita.

In 1888 a band of hardcases led by Kelp Queen robbed a train and several banks in the area and Bruner, alone, was responsible for their capture. Then in 1889 he was one of the men who brought in the notorious outlaw, Ned Christie.

BRUNER made no exceptions when it came to dealing out the law. On one occasion he brought in a cousin, Scott Bruner, who had been involved in a train robbery. Heck took up the boy's trail and a few days later found him. Scott had not been willing to return to Fort Smith and it had taken a bullet through the leg to convince him that Heck meant business.

In early 1885 Bruner encountered the Shelley brothers who lived east of Chouteau. They were wanted for horse stealing. When Bruner's posse approached the farm, the outlaws opened fire. After a short but vicious gunfight, these outlaws, too, gave up.

BRUNER'S fame grew as more and more lawbreakers chose not to cross his path. With the capture of the Shelley brothers, however, the reward to anyone who could kill the marshal was upped.

(Continued on page 45)

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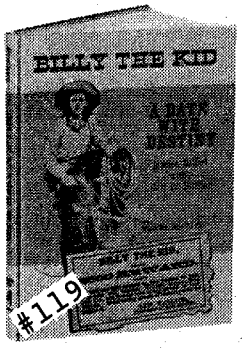

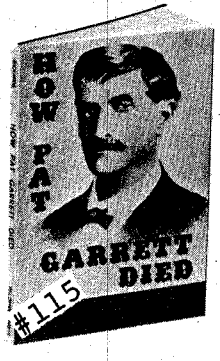

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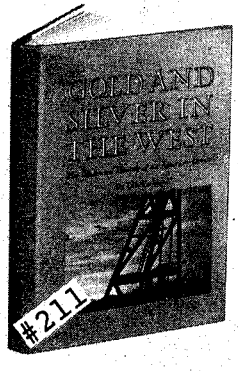

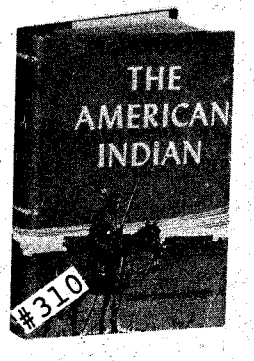

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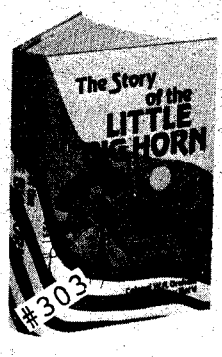

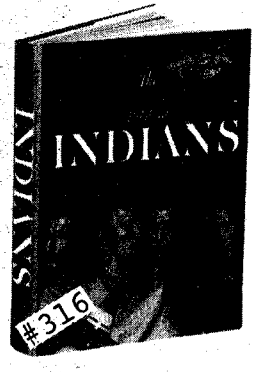

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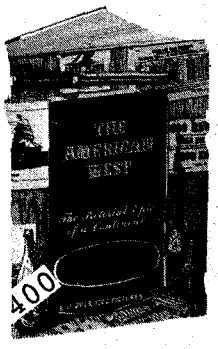

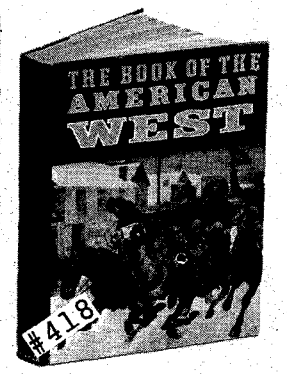

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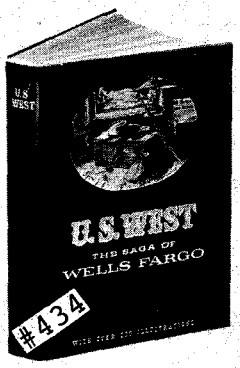

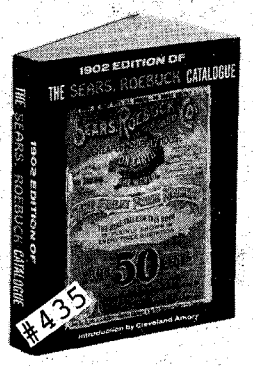

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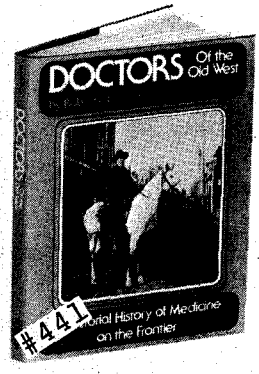

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A DOCTOR'S PROMISE

BY MARION HOLBROOK
Photos Courtesy Author

Twenty-five years, how fast they go and how slow!

ON THE NIGHT of 21-year-old Mary America Avery's debut, the ballroom floor was crowded with Mary's friends—the girls in elegant hoopskirted dresses on the arms of handsome young gentlemen.

That night all eyes were on Mary, for the gentleman who was claiming most of her dances was a middle-aged widower, Dr. Hugh Huger Toland. This brilliant man who would one day be called "The Great Surgeon of the Pacific Coast" had fallen in love with Mary Avery at first sight.

Toland, though he possessed a lucrative medical practice, had a great desire to go West. He courted Mary ardently and persuaded her to marry him and join a wagontrain for California. "If you have any trouble, or if anything happens to Mary, be sure to bring her home," beseeched Mrs. Avery.

"I promise," Dr. Toland answered firmly.

Hugh Toland was born of Irish parents who had come to this country when very young. His father had been a highly respected planter and banker in South Carolina when his second son, Hugh, was born April 17, 1809. Hugh, an exceptionally brilliant child, started school at the age of four and took first prize in reading in a class of forty at the age of six. When he was sixteen he began studying medicine and went to work for a Dr. Ross who owned a drugstore. Hugh as-

Below: The affiliated colleges (Toland Medical College and The University of California).

Photo Courtesy California State Library

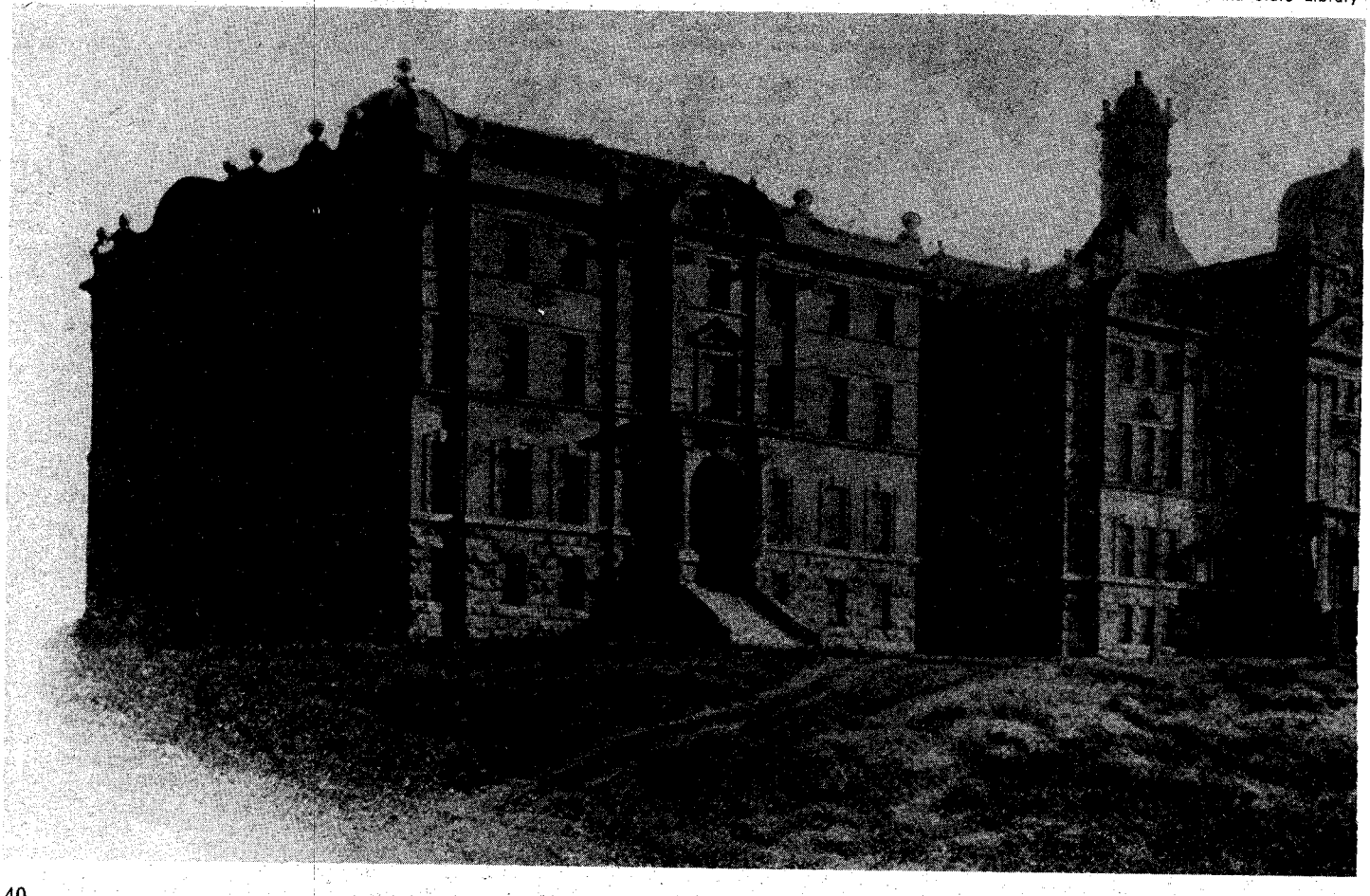

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Photo Courtesy California State Library

sisted the doctor in his office, and observed the work in the pharmacy. This experience proved invaluable. He graduated from the University of Transylvania at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1828 with highest honors in a class of 160 students. Hugh later went to Paris for two years of surgical training at the Hotel Don, the mother house for Sisters of Charity. When he returned he set up practice in South Carolina where he became famed for his use of lithotomy forceps.

In 1849 Dr. Toland spared no expense in preparing for the trip to California with his young wife. The caravan traveled slowly and all went well until just before they neared San Francisco. There, unfortunately, they made camp in a cholera-infested area. Mary contracted the disease and died three days later.

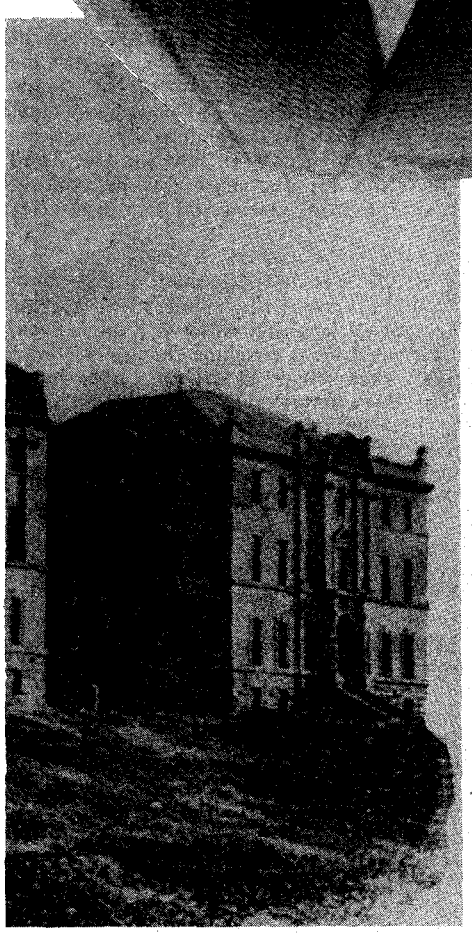
Toland took Mary's body to San Francisco and directed that she be embalmed according to his methods. Overcome with grief, feeling remorseful and responsible for her death, Toland then had her body placed in a glass covered casket in his office.

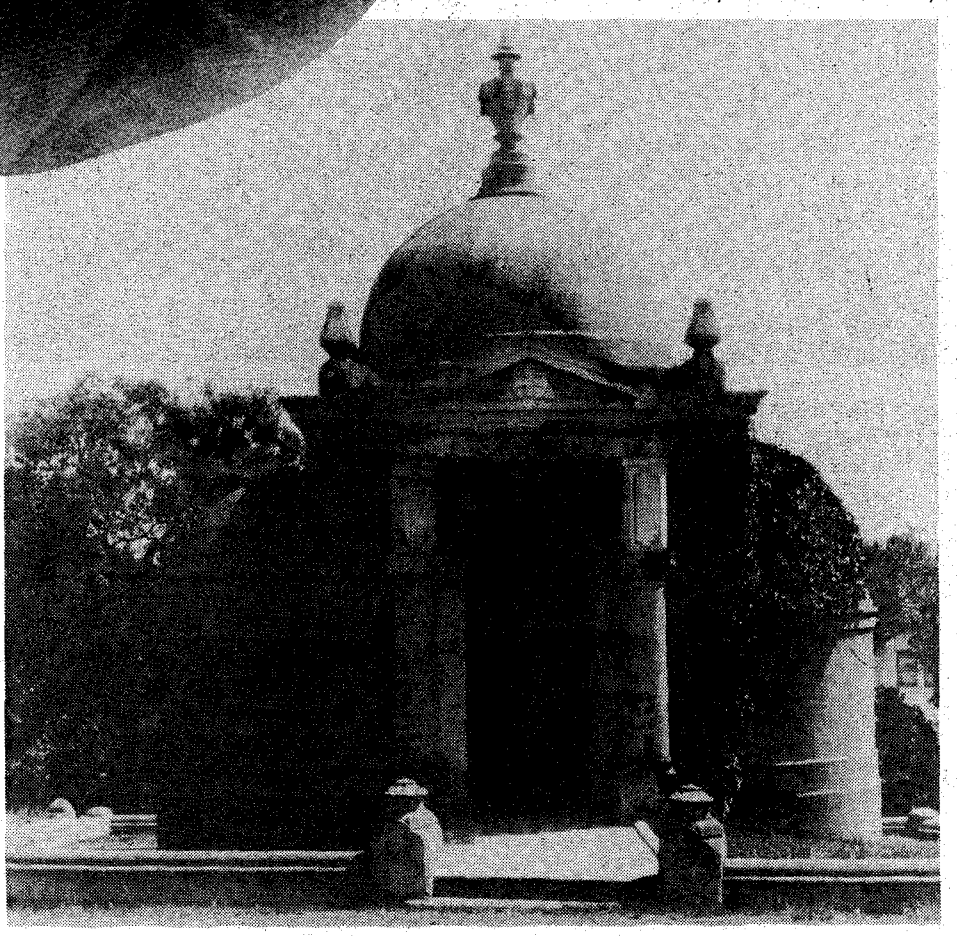
MINING, which had been a factor in his going to the West Coast, proved unlucky for Dr. Toland. He soon left the gold fields for San Francisco where he resumed the practice of medicine. Toland became a familiar figure to San Fran-

(Continued on page 52)

Left: Dr. Hugh Huger Toland. Below: Tomb of Dr. Toland and his third wife Mary at Laurel Hill Cemetery in San Francisco.

Photo Courtesy California State Library





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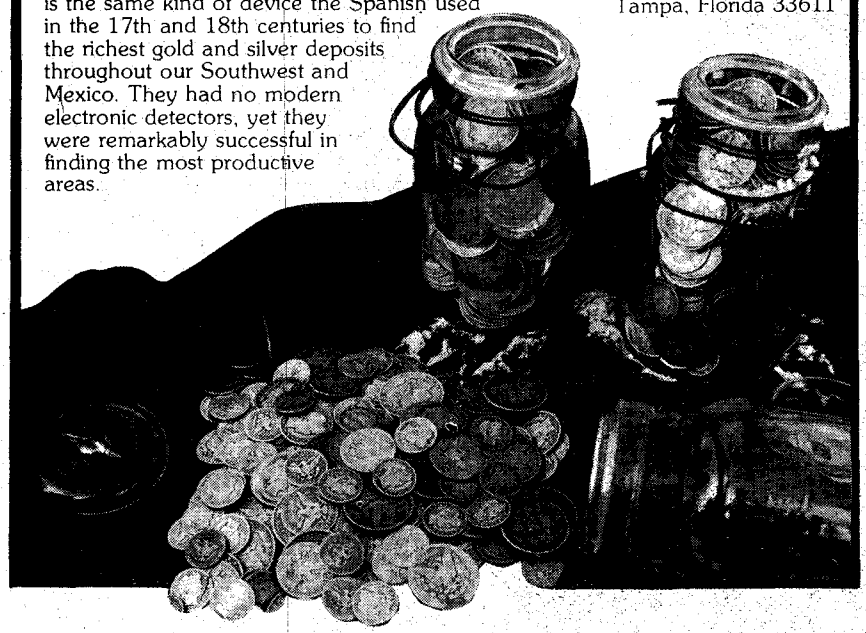

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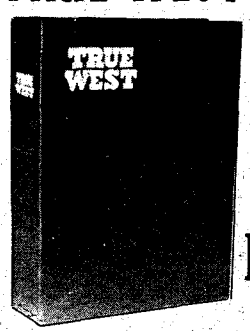

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Oregon 1892

(Continued from page 19)

of string around the outer layer. His final move was to shove it into the bottom-most recess of the same pocket and tamp a half a pound of cut plug tobacco on top of it. With that he breathed a mighty sigh of satisfaction that did my heart good.

I met a man last spring as he was leaving Roseburgh. He stopped me in the road and hauled a jug out of his wagon with the pronouncement that I looked like a Democrat and an honest man and he wanted me to have a drink with him. I did not wish to be rude enough to point out the direct contradiction of his conclusions so I said nothing as I took a good, square look at him. He had a head about the size of a turkey gobbler and a nose to match the angry wattles of that Thanksgiving bird. He was red-headed and the coloration was reflected in his eyes. All in all, he reminded me very much of an old Jersey hog with the measles. I told him that if I could reduce the inflammation in his eyes by reducing the contents of his jug I would make an honest effort to be of service and share his burden, but that under any other circumstances he must excuse me as an abstainer by choice.

He said that he was a Webfoot by choice after being born a native son some 41 years previously, but that he feared that his intemperance was an ill omen. His father was an early pioneer and a preacher of great rectitude and force and probably had more souls booked to his credit up in the sweet bye and bye than any other minister in Oregon. He himself had belonged to the church and he had tried to be a humble Christian but the love of whiskey had caused him to neglect his religion if not his responsibilities to his fellow man. Religion and whiskey just did not seem to be compatible and he was beginning to fear that the Devil had smote him hip and thigh with his searing branding iron, and would get him after all.

I FIND that, notwithstanding the many advantages of this country, the natives are not all wealthy. However, upon investigation, I must conclude that they do not avail themselves of all the advantages that the country possesses. Since I have been in Oregon, I have been a close student of finance and economy. I have studied finance for future use and practiced economy because I had to.

Oregon would be the natural home of the Immortal Abe Lincoln's Illinois farmer who planted potatoes and turned his hogs into the patch and let them dig their own. The advantage here, over Illinois, is that the ground never freezes so the hogs could busily harvest potatoes all winter. Somehow the idea has not occurred to the Oregonians. There seems to be a serious drawback to the hog industry here that so far the Oregonian has not overcome. In the spring when the weather gets warm and the mud begins to dry up, the pig, like his small-boy counterpart, is wont to go in swimming. As the mud is churned up, it becomes adhesive and clings to his tail. Then when

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the pig goes out into the sun it dries the mud hard. A fresh bath in the mudhole will build up another layer that becomes baked as before. Certainly any Mid-Westerner who has rolled a snowball in wet snow will understand this principle.

The mud bath process continues and the ball continues to grow until it offers a serious problem of management. After a certain poundage has been accumulated, the pig becomes indignant and sorry indeed. He is torn by a complex that his friends have all deserted him as he plods around dragging his cumbersome narrative. If he attempts to squeeze through a rail fence, his mud incubus wedges between the rails and he is a hopeless prisoner, until some kind individual comes along and hands him his tail through the fence. When it becomes necessary for him to travel over uneven ground, the ball rolls from side to side as if it were motivated by a stubborn determination of its own and sometimes it might even upend the pig into a ditch from where it must either be helped out or perish ignominiously in the gutter. If he is fortunate the rolling motion of the ball might twist the ball, and the tail entirely off and restore the pig to his uninhibited freedom.

One of the Oregon sights in summer are these hard-baked balls of mud scattered along the roads. Each ball will be six or eight inches in diameter with the caudal appendage of the hog down the exact center. Certainly there is a great need for a tail-less race of hogs in this country. Dehorning cattle has become quite popular in some States and I am surprised that the innovation of detailing hogs has not been introduced in Oregon.

THE LAWS of marriage and divorce seem to be easy and convenient in Oregon. People generally commence marrying young—usually on the first opportunity. They continue to marry at intervals until age and experience teaches them the folly of such nonsense. I have seen individuals who have been married and unmarried several times and are still in the market. Oregon is therefore a good place to slip away from matrimonial associations of doubtful pleasantness. If you live in Oregon and your wife becomes cold toward you and refuses to wash your socks, and makes you eat from a dirty plate for a week at a time, and compels you to stay in the kitchen when she has company, and slaps your face with a greasy dish rag if you dare to protest such treatment—then all you have to do is go before the Seat of Justice and show cause why the articles of the matrimonial corporation should be dissolved. Then you pay your money and get your papers.

You are then at liberty to Smile Upon or receive the smiles of any other matrimonial candidate who may be on the market. This might enable you to marry a woman who is willing to wash your socks every week and give you a clean plate every day, and even allow you to sit in the parlor when she entertains company, providing you nod your head in approbation as she tells her expansive lies to the guests.

I suppose that you have read of and taught the kids in your schoolroom about the fine timber along the Pacific Coast. However, as the novel writers say, it must be seen to be appreciated. The fir and cedar are the largest and tallest of any of the varieties here. If you get near a tall fir tree you will have to look up, then throw your upper maxillary back on to the back of your neck and push on the optical nerves before you can see the top.

The firs seem to hold their size for the first half or three quarters of a mile and then taper slightly until the tree terminates in a small clump of boughs somewhere up among the stars. I think that Oregon will be the future home of the astronomer. He will only have to climb to the top of one of those fir trees to be in the middle of his work. From that vantage point he can watch Mars in her vain effort to out-run our little trotting globe in a race around the sun. From there he can view the transit of Venus and more closely observe the eclipse of Benjamin Harrison that will be visible in all parts of the United States on the fourth day of next March. There also may pass in review Victoria Woodhull, Susan B. Anthony, Belva Lockwood, Mrs. Lease, the Reverend Ann Shaw and other new and twinkling Stars that might appear in our firmament in the near or distant future.

If you want to establish a farm here you can buy a piece of timber land—and if you are so fortunate as to have other land adjoining yours—you can chop your trees so they will fall off your land and you will only have the stumps left to contend with. If you so desire, you can fall some trees so as to leave a few lengths of saw logs from the butt of the trees on your own land to provide the lumber for your buildings.

In the summer the weather is usually dry, the days are moderately warm, and the nights are always cool; but in winter it rains a good deal. It starts in like a faithful hired man and reports for duty every day of the week. It doesn't thunder, and lightning, and blow, and bluster, and frighten women and children. Instead it goes about it moderately as if it knew that it had plenty of time to rain all it wanted to, and there are whole weeks of time that you could not buy a streak of sunshine for a dollar a yard. But when you are at peace with your conscience and your stomach and you have an industrious liver, you can sleep soundly and dream pleasant dreams, and just let 'er rain.

INSECT PESTS are not numerous here. We have a few mosquitoes but they seem to be small, rather inactive, and of neither Sioux nor Kiowa extraction. Poisonous serpents are almost unknown, but I have not heard that St. Patrick gets any credit for it. Bed bugs thrive well and propagate rapidly if an easy-going house wife does not molest them.

But speaking of fleas!! We do have the first class article. From their movements one would think that they had registered Hambletonian blood in them! They are not numerous but a half dozen good healthy fleas are all that an ordinary

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family would need for domestic purposes. If there is a flea about the house he manages to take up lodging in your sock and from there into the lower leg of your drawers where he will remain very quiet and take a long nap before night. After you have gone to bed and sweet sleep closes your eyelids—you begin to dream of finding gold mines of such richness that all of your poor relations boil with resentment and frustration. You are shocked from such Elysian dreams by a disturbing tickling sensation. It is the flea. He has awakened and come forth from his lair and started out on his voyage of discovery.

Now, an enterprising Oregon flea can do more discovering in one night than Columbus and his whole cargo of Dons could have accomplished in a week. The flea begins by exploring your calves to see if they are in proper condition for exploitation. Then he moves up and halts at your hock. Then for protection he proceeds to whet his McKinley Bill across your hamstring. The operation produces something like an electric shock and you feel streaks of sensation run up to your shoulder blades. You involuntarily roll over and make a grab for the flea and your imprecations are anything but mild. However, the flea has stepped out just before you got there, so you miss connections and must await further developments.

He soon resumes his voyage and goes on up in the region of your hip pocket and sits down. He is quiet for a few moments as he adjusts his telescope for further observations. From here he feels around to get the lay of the country and then starts up your back to see if there is anything wrong with your spine.

He reverses steam and retraces his steps a few inches as if he had forgotten to examine your kidneys. He then presents his Bill for Revenue Only. As a free trader you object to this and make another grab for the flea and your language takes on a darker tinge of blue, but now he dodges over to see if any bed bugs are committing depredations among your short ribs so you miss him again.

He soon returns and resumes his voyage up your back making a few stops for observation and finally he goes into your right ear to see if there are any interlopers invading this province that he has staked out for his own. You do your best to poke your finger through your head to catch that flea. After you give that up he leaps out and gets astraddle of your neck and dances the Can Can. You make another swoop for him and do more cussing, but he does the double shuffle down your manly bosom which by this time is heaving with righteous indignation.

The flea goes into Parade Rest on the flat acreage in front of your commissary stores and then goes through the exercises of Battalion drill. You try to stop the exercises and go after him with both hands but he knows the drill and you don't. When you feel for him he is somewhere else and when you pursue he skips back to the first spot. He never makes a blunder but you blunder every time. This tickles the flea so much that he shakes with laughter and this tickles you even more. However, all this is wearying so after a while he slips down your drawer leg to his old hiding place and laughs himself to sleep to think what fools these mortals be.

If Tom Edison or some other ingenious inventor could construct a trap that would out-general an Oregon flea, his fortune would be assured.

Well, my description of Oregon and its ways may not be flattering and may not impress you with its true worth. However, I would like to have you for a neighbor and I mean a *near* neighbor where it would be handy to run over when ever I wanted to borrow things such as flour and tea, and sugar and soap, and a plug of tobacco. I might be even willing to borrow your razor and your tooth brush and your plug hat and a suit of good clothes when I want to go to church or a wedding or an exciting divorce trial or something like that.

If there is anything special that you wish to know about Oregon, write and I will answer. Give our best wishes to all the folks including the Mason family.

Yours truly,
/S/ T. J. Davis

P. S. Dec. 26 8 o'clock A.M. Mercury stands at 62 above. Air mild and soft.
T. J. D.

Prison Riot!

(Continued from page 28)

some of the guards at least. They also flew down the head of the militia. Others came in cars and trucks.

The priest, I will leave him nameless, later that night volunteered to carry a box of dynamite and put it against the wall of the cell house, then set it off. But that didn't do a bit of good. However, most folks thought he was a hero and should have a medal. If they had known how crazed he was, as I did, they would have sent him back to the Abbey. That turned me against religion for a long time. Later I realized that one bad one doesn't make all bad.

In all, eight guards lost their lives, and five convicts including Daniels and Purdue. They had to put up tents for the convicts to sleep in and things were in a mess. Ralph Wann had a lot to say about what was done around there. I think Billy Adams was governor and he sent Roy Best down. Roy was a national guardsman at the time and was the governor's driver and aide.

Later on, Roy was appointed warden and he made a lot of changes. For one thing he had bullet-proof glass put in the tower windows, and a place built on top of the administration building where a guard could be protected.

Also a tunnel was made from the office to the tower so a guard going to the gun walk over the dining hall would be protected. No convict could get near him with a gun.

LATER a convict did get in this tunnel. It was sort of dark in there and the floor was muddy. This convict hid until the gun guard came along, then tried to

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get the gun away from him. The guard got the best of the convict who turned and ran. The guard then went back to the office and gave the alarm.

Warden Best had all the convicts who were out of their cells, and could have been guilty, to go past him single-file so he could look at each one. Soon one came by whose shoes were muddy and Roy knew he was the guilty man. The convict hadn't had sense enough to clean his shoes, or maybe didn't have time; anyway he took a trip to the "Old Gray Mare." I believe that only a cowboy like Roy Best would have thought of looking for mud on the shoes of the convicts.

This Old Gray Mare was a name given to a type of gymnasium equipment used for various forms of exercise. It was a leather covered cylinder about eighteen inches in diameter, four feet long, on legs about four feet high. It had handholds on each side on which handstands and other acrobatic acts were performed.

To punish convicts who ran away or did something bad, they were strapped down and a leather belt was used to lash them. Roy Best, warden, always did this himself.

Roy was strict but fair with the cons. Every holiday they had boxing matches. I got well acquainted with Roy, as he came out to our ranch nearly every weekend. Al Wycoff, a barber in Cañon City, and I were timekeepers for the boxing matches.

Sometimes we would give the boxers a little more than one minute between rounds if we saw that they were getting tired. I never missed any of these fights. A good many people from around town would always come to watch the matches.

Times have changed. I think what we need now are more wardens like Roy Best. With a warden like Best it is my guess that no convict would curse guards as they do today.

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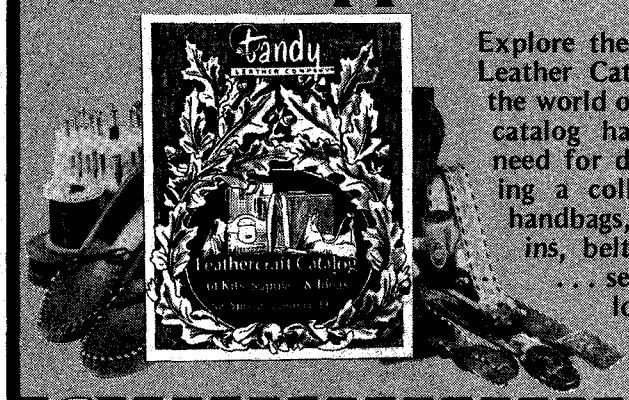

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Bruner's Graveyard

(Continued from page 37)

As a result two more graves were added to "Bruner's graveyard." The marshal seemed to live a charmed life.

Probably one of the most cold-blooded killers to ever cross Bruner's path was Bob Rogers. On November 3, 1892 Deputy Jess W. Elliott, a fullblood Cherokee, arrived in the town of Catoosa to serve some papers on one of the local citizens. He stopped for a drink at the saloon and pool hall. Rogers was there and the two got into an argument. They exchanged blows and both were ordered to leave.

Elliott got his horse and rode out of town. Rogers, still angry and wanting trouble, followed him. At the edge of town he overtook the deputy and they took up the fight where they had left off. After a few more blows were landed, Rogers suddenly whipped out a long-bladed hunting knife. With one sweep of the blade he slit Elliott's throat from ear to ear. He then rode away leaving his victim to bleed to death beside the trail.

Shortly after the killing a man came along on his way to town and found the body. He remained until a second traveler came along. He then sent this man for the town marshal and sat down to wait for their return. Night came and he built a fire near the body to keep the animals away, while he stayed in the shadows out of sight.

Not long afterward he heard a horse coming along the trail. When the horseman rode into the light of the fire the farmer recognized Bob Rogers. From Rogers' actions he was drunk. With loud curses he rode his horse back and forth across the fire. Then he dismounted and stomped on Elliott's body, still cursing. Finally, his anger spent, Rogers mounted his horse and rode away.

On August 5, 1893 Bruner learned that Rogers and some friends were hiding out on Wolf Creek near White Oak. By now Rogers was also suspected of holding up the Congdon and Company Bank at Mound Valley, Kansas.

With his brother, Wood Bruner, and D. Douthit, Heck rode to the place on Wolf Creek. They searched the area but found no trace of the killer. A few days later Heck learned that the outlaws had been seen near Pryor Creek. There, they found fresh tracks and trailed the men back toward White Oak. Near Lenapah they lost the trail in the river bottoms and Bruner returned to Vinita to wait for further developments.

A few weeks later he received word that Marshal W. C. McDaniels and a posse had found Rogers at his father's home. In a blazing gun battle the outlaw was killed. Bruner regretted not being the one to get Rogers for it was seldom he started a job without finishing it.

In early 1895 Bruner moved his family to Vinita and continued his work as lawman for another three years. Then on June 22, 1898 Heck Bruner's colorful career came to a most unexpected end. While attempting to swim the flooded Grand River, he lost his life.

J. R. Sheehan of Vinita received the news from Pryor Creek. Later, Vet Thompson, who was with the marshal at the time, told what happened. He and Bruner were headed for the country east of the river to serve some warrants. When they reached the West Ferry at the mouth of Spavinaw Creek they found the boat tied up on the far bank. The ferryman was nowhere in sight. They yelled and fired their guns but could not get an answer. Bruner, in a hurry to get back home to his family, decided to swim across and get the boat. Near mid-stream the marshal simply disappeared under the rolling water and was not seen again.

It was several days before fellow officers and friends found the body. Nature had done what all the outlaws in the Indian Territory could not do. Bruner was out of the way. It was a sad day for law and order.

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Wild Old Days!

THE SECRET OF TONTO NATIONAL FOREST

By Ralph A. Fisher, Sr.

FOR 110 years our huge Tonto National Forest in Arizona's northern Gila County has held a secret that no amount of searching of old Army files, county and state records, newspaper records, and interviews of the pioneer settlers still living in the area at the time, has brought to light.

It was in mid-summer of 1962, when we were living in Payson, an old mining-cattle-lumber center, that Alan Quimby, a sixteen-year-old student of the Flathead County High School of Kalispell, Montana, went exploring for gem stones and rocks in the Tonto Forest, some twenty miles east of town. He discovered a crude sandstone marker from a then 95-year-old grave.

The stone had been exposed a month earlier by a lumbering crew from the Southwest Paper Mill when cutting timber under the supervision of the National Forest Service. The gravesite was about thirty feet from the gravel road that snaked along to the Ranger Lookout Station atop Diamond Point and a shallow dry streambed. The lumber crew had

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neatly cleared the forest area around the headstone and piled their slash in neat piles for mid-winter burning.

Alan reported his find to me. At that time I was the district chairman of the Gila County Historic Sites Survey Team and the editor of the local weekly newspaper, the Payson *Roundup*. I visited the grave with Alan and took several photographs of the headstone that was crudely engraved with the inscription "R.I.P." and below that "GREGG, 1867."

For several months I searched countless records, and interviewed the oldest citizens of the area with no results except a lot of suggestions such as "There were two brothers with name of Gregg that settled in the community of Pine shortly after the Civil War that started a sawmill" or, "Might have been a deserter from the Army," or "Could have been an Indian Scout for the troops."

Since I was also a member of the Payson Rotary Club, as a club project we decided to sponsor, with the local troop of Boy Scouts, a cleanup detail and to embed the headstone in a stout slab of concrete. The Arizona Public Service Company manager agreed to donate a pole for fence posts and a cable to erect a fence around the site, and the local Forest Ranger promised signs to help protect the little cemetery. At last the project was completed and dedicated. The old gravesite was now preserved. Research could and would be continued—or so we all thought.

However, on a later visit during the autumn hunting season I again visited the site and looked at it with despair. Vandals had destroyed the fence and with an assistance of a truck and chain had pulled the heavy slab from atop the grave, dug into the grave, broken the headstone, and completely wrecked the little cemetery.

We never found out when it was done or who was guilty; all we could do was cement the stone together, put the slab back in place, cover the site with a huge pile of brush and stumps, and then pray to God that a desecrater would never find it again.

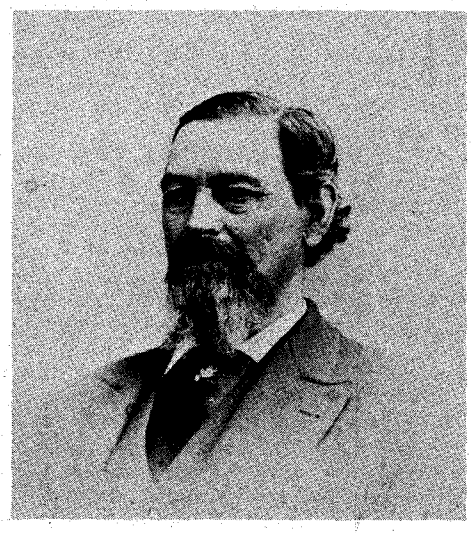
And I couldn't help thinking, "Mr. Gregg, you lived in perilous times, but at least you knew your enemies. We today often don't, but we're closing the gap."

CHILLUN SWAP

By Vera M. Brooks

THE Hutchinson Mill on the east side of the Big Blue River near Marysville, Kansas was to be replaced with a new and larger version, and that new mill was to be the scene of one of Marshall County's most memorable nights.

In 1867 forty men assembled at the new mill site on the river's west bank. The Hutchinsons were true pioneers. Mrs. Hutchinson was the mother of a large family, yet she found time to visit the ill, organize benefits for the needy, prepare the dead for burial, and comfort the living. The day the flour mill was completed she cooked supper for the forty workmen on short notice. And it was Mrs.



Mary Marshall and Frank Marshall.

Hutchinson who came up with the idea for a "mill raising."

Plans were made to have a dance in the new, three-story stone building before the machinery arrived. Notices of the entertainment were sent far and wide.

Scores arrived the night of the dance, bringing baskets of food. John Pecenka's orchestra was at its all-time "swingin' best." A double wedding had been performed the day prior to the party when two sisters, Rose and Emma Weber, married Sam Raines and John Crump at the residence of Frank Marshall. (The county of Marshall is named for the Marshall family and Marysville for Marshall's wife, Mary.) The entire bridal party attended the dance that night.

Captain Frank Kister was head miller and acted as master of ceremonies. Pioneer families with the names of Davis, Shibley, Barrett, Walker, Watson, Vaughn, Trosper, Auld and Osborne were all represented.

As the evening lengthened, young couples danced in reckless abandon, forgetting for the moment their babies sleeping peacefully in the adjoining room.

THREE of the young single men grew restless, and they happened to notice the sleeping children, an even dozen, bedded down on a pallet in the corner. A pair of twins slept under a chair. One of the boys, with a twinkle in his eyes and a grin upon his face, came up with a plan.

They worked gently but fast, changing positions of the sleeping tots. The bit of whimpering at being disturbed was drowned by the music. Little Christopher's pieced quilt was swapped for tiny Annie's pink blanket—and on and on. This mischief completed, the trio parted shortly before the dedication ball ended.

Young mothers, tired from the long night's dancing hastily wrapped their babies against the chill of the early hour for the horse and buggy trip home.

After some distance had been traveled, one mother fretted, "Jim, I do believe Jamie has taken cold. He sounds so strange." The young father quieted her fears. Upon reaching home, he let the family out at the door and, bone-tired, went to the barn to put the horses away. Then screams coming from the cabin told him something dreadful was wrong. Upon preparing the baby for bed it was discovered that "little Jamie" was a girl.

Horses were hitched again to the rig and trotted back to the mill. The nine miles seemed to take forever. When they reached the mill a state of bedlam reigned. Parents were returning to exchange offspring. Others traveled on to other homes in hopes of a speedier return of their young. Some of the babies, frightened by the strangeness, were really howling.

As the first red rays of the Sabbath sunrise appeared, the last exchange was completed. Angry parents would have severely punished the culprits but they were nowhere to be found. Too, their identity was not yet known.

Eventually the humor of the situation dispelled all hard feelings. Not a single baby seemed any worse for the experience. The night of the dedication of the Hutchinson Mill was the longest night in history for some, and the most often repeated story in the new state of Kansas for quite a while. Owen Wister borrowed from this true life episode in a chapter of his famed novel, *The Virginian*.

RIDE THROUGH THE UNKNOWN

By Richard Bauman

IN 1909 Alfred Pitzer created the most startling "amusement" ride. He called it the "Haunted Swing" and he put it together for the San Francisco Midwinter Fair of that year. Even with today's Disneylands, Magic Mountains, and dozens of other imaginative parks and their ultra-modern diversions, the Haunted Swing remains an outstanding contrivance.

People who decided to take a ride on this mysterious device were treated to the eerie sensation of weightlessness. And in the early part of this century when high speed automobiles, lightning fast aircraft, and even express elevators were

(Continued on page 54)

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Markin' Time in Montana

(Continued from page 17)

old-timer I enjoyed knowing. He must have been over seventy at that time, 1928. (I never knew for sure but I think Joe and Harry were both in the fifties at that time.)

Frank told me some interesting tales about his cowboy days in Nebraska in the 1880s. Another high spot for me about the work at Frank's place was his garden. On a flat by the creek he had put in a big garden that he irrigated with a gas engine. He had lots of fresh vegetables and a big berry patch. Every noon I would go down and pick a big pan of strawberries or blackberries or raspberries. Then I would mix them with a big can of peaches. On a hot summer day—boy, what a treat! I think we moved the rig from the Armstrong place to George Stephenson's. He had a good wheat crop and kept us busy for quite a while.

I mentioned before that Harry O'Dell had some good work horses. One of his best teams was a pair of mares he called Fly and Mary. He had raised them and broke them himself and was justly proud of them. Joe and I had used the team quite a lot and Joe wanted to buy them from Harry.

"Well, I dunno," Harry said. "It would take a hundred bucks to buy that team."

That was a lot of money but they were a great team, the best pulling team I had ever seen. Harry said he used to pull rocks out of the field with them and no matter how big the rock they would never quit unless he stopped them. Many times they would break a set of double-trees or a trace chain; then they would stand still and wait for things to be fixed, always ready to try again.

On our next move we got stuck on a long steep hill. The tractor had power enough but the wheel lugs started digging a hole in the road. Joe stopped as soon as the wheels began to spin. A team was unhooked from a hay rack and hooked in front of the tractor but they couldn't help much. Then two more teams were put on the chain. The horses were all a little nervous from the roar of the tractor and wouldn't pull together. They would lunge and see-saw back and forth and we were still stuck.

Harry finally said, "Take 'em all off and I'll try Fly and Mary." The reason he hadn't offered before was their harness was not too new and he was afraid they would "walk right through it."

The best set of double-trees was borrowed from another wagon and with a heavy log chain they were hooked up close to the tractor. The mares were all attention now. They seemed to know they were tied to something unusual and were expected to do their best. If you have never seen a good pulling team in action you have missed a great thrill, believe me.

Harry turned and yelled to Joe on the tractor, "I'll let 'em feel of it first, then when I yowl at 'em, you kick that thing in gear."

Then he took the slack out of the reins and spoke to the team. "All right, girls, Fly, Mary, lay into it. Easy now." They seemed to understand every word and they were all business. Powerful shoulders tightened against the collars. Leg muscles began to quiver. Now the chain and eveners were in a tight straight line. Then Harry shouted at 'em, "Yeah, git out o' here!"

They seemed to squat until almost on their knees, hard flint-like hoofs dug into the dirt road. The tractor roared as Joe kicked it in gear. Harry was shouting encouragement to the mares and slowly things started to move. The tractor came out of the hole it had dug and the big old separator lumbered along behind. Fly and Mary never let up for a second; their feet were tearing out little chunks from the road. The single-trees stayed even and they were pulling together as only a well-matched team can pull. Finally we topped the hill.

The team eased up. They knew they had done well. Then Harry called, "Whoa!" and Joe stopped the tractor. Harry took the chain loose from the tractor, turned the team around, dragging the chain and eveners, and headed back for the wagon that had been left at the bottom of the hill.

As he passed the tractor he looked up at Joe and with a big smile said, "Hey, Joe, do they look like a hundred bucks to you now?"

ANOTHER week or ten days would have finished our threshing contracts, but an early snowstorm brought things to a halt. So we went coyote hunting. We were on Harry O'Dell's home place in the afternoon and we saw a truck coming up the coulee. Joe said, "Looks like Bill Spidel's truck. Here's your chance to meet him."

The truck pulled up to the house and Bill got out. Joe introduced me to Bill and after visiting a few minutes Bill said he had come to get some fence wire. We went along to help him load it. This was wire that had been salvaged from abandoned homesteads where the fences had fallen into a state of disrepair. It was coiled up in large rolls resembling automobile tires with barbs.

When the wire was all loaded Bill lit his pipe, got it going good, thanked us for the help, then said, "You know, I could use an extra hand at the ranch for a couple weeks. We're building some pole fences and feed racks and I'd kinda like to get 'em finished before winter sets in."

Joe told him about our unfinished threshing job, then suggested, "Why not take the kid on? He's pretty fair now with an axe or saw and he's willing to work." "Fine," Bill said. "Bring him over tomorrow. Then you can come back for him when the weather is right for threshing."

The next morning we drove to the Spidel ranch on Goulding Creek and I was put to work with two fellows my own age, Cecil Poe and Jay Hinman. Bill's place sure looked good to me. He raised purebred registered Herefords (Polled), and had a fine, well organized, prosperous looking spread. I met his wife and two children and her parents, the Roberts. I was made to feel at home and treated like one of the family. In fact, we three boys all ate at the Spidel table, just like one big family.

After a year of using kerosene lamps for light it was nice to have electric lights again. They had a 32-volt plant that furnished lights to the house and bunk house—even the barns had lights.

It was fun to be working with two guys my own age, too. We had a lot of laughs but we still did a lot of work. I had learned a lot from Joe but he was inclined to be morose and surly at times and had a quick violent temper.

I had been there at Bill's about a week when we had another small snowstorm. It was almost a month before it was dry enough to finish the threshing and Joe came to get me in the Ford.

General store and post office buildings at Bundy, Montana, taken in May 1947 by author on a visit "back home." Bundy served as Doyle's post office address during his year at Cawthorn. The post office was discontinued on May 28, 1935.

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Bill walked to the car with me and handed me a check. I can't remember the exact amount. He was paying fifty a month and board then, so it must have been close to that. The check sure looked good to me. That was the first money I had earned on my own since the threshing job the previous fall. I shook hands with Bill and thanked him.

He nodded, paused to light his pipe, then said, "Chet, after you finish up the threshing, if you want to come back I'll put you on steady."

I looked at Joe. He could see I was all for it and said, "Better take him up on it. I can go to work for Harry if I want to."

So we finished the last job we had contracted for, and Joe and I "dissolved partnership." We went back to the Cawthorne place; I picked up my guns and my clothes and went to work for Bill Spidel.

I never knew what Joe did with the tractor and threshing rig. I suppose it went back to the implement company in Lavina. He must have made some payments on the outfit. He handled all the finances but I have often thought we must have been a rather poor credit risk. Joe did go to work for Harry O'Dell, and left things at our old place pretty much as we found them.

One item of "furniture" might be worth mentioning. When we'd moved in, on a side porch was an old-time washing machine that was an "antique" even then. It was all wood with straight sides. The tub was round-bottomed with corrugations like a washboard. Fitted inside was a rocker-type convex washboard. When this rocked back and forth you were in effect rubbing the clothes between two washboards. It had been out in the weather for a few years but after a good soaking in water it quit leaking and we washed clothes with it for almost a year. If that machine is still in existence it should be in a museum.

Joe worked for Harry about two years and I stayed on with Bill Spidel until the summer of '34, with a couple of short breaks spent with my family in Southern California. About the fall of '30 Joe decided to move to Oregon. He teamed up with an older man and his nephew. I have forgotten their names. They had acquired some thirty-odd horses, mostly unbroken, and a wagon for their belongings. They planned to drive that outfit across country to Oregon, herding the loose horses.

I'll never forget I was riding across the hills from the Spidel place to the basin country to pick up some cattle to bring home. Harley Klinger was working for Bill Spidel then and I think we were together that day, when about two miles away on the county road, we saw this wagon with a bunch of horses strung out behind. I said to Harley, "Well, there goes old Joe on his way to Oregon." And that's the last time I ever saw him.

The "Big Barker"

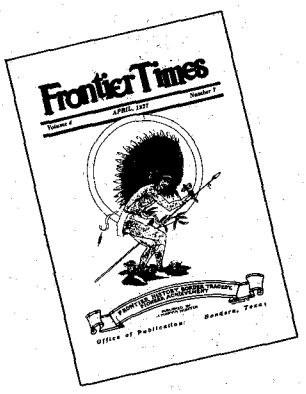
(Continued from page 29)

the train as a bank robber suspect was aboard. He went alone, which was quite risky, and it turned out there were two bank robbers. In the scuffle that followed with the men a sharp-toothed bulldog began biting and tugging on his trousers, but my grandpa got control of the robbers after someone pulled the dog away, and he escorted them to jail.

Grandpa had several close calls. Once on a hunting trip with his daughter Mamie, while making coffee for breakfast over a campfire, the lid blew off the pail and scalding coffee went over Grandpa's face. Not being able to see, he had Mamie put out the fire, pack their things and lead him by the hand back home. The doctor thought Grandpa might lose his eyesight but he didn't.

During another of his many hunting trips, Grandpa was in an open pasture. There was no fence in sight. A large bull

The Way It Was!



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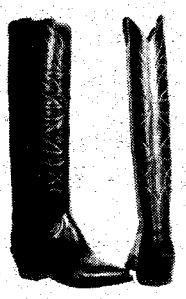
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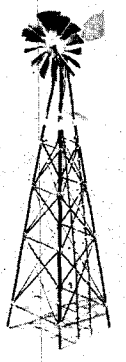
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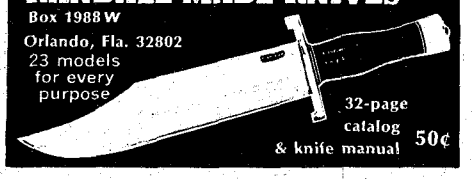
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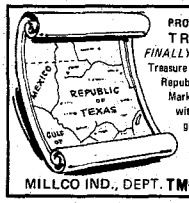
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took after him, and Grandpa ran to a big tree which, unfortunately, had no low-hanging limbs to climb. Grandpa's gun wasn't loaded.

Grasping the bull's tail as it went around the tree, he pulled his knife from its sheath and slashed the tendons of the hind legs. The bull went down. Grandpa then loaded his gun, shot the animal and left the area. He felt very bad about it as he knew the bull must be a valuable animal. Word went out later that a large reward was posted for information leading to the person who had done this. No one other than Grandma knew about it until his two daughters were grown.

At one time Grandpa got blood-poisoning from a cut on his leg. When the doctor wanted to amputate and Grandpa refused to let him, the doctor went to get help to subdue Grandpa because he believed that his patient would die otherwise. While the doctor was gone, Grandpa had Grandma get his pistol and put it under his pillow.

The doctor and a helper soon were back, but got no farther than the door. Grandpa pulled his pistol and told the doctor that if he set foot into the bedroom, Grandpa would shoot him down. From then on he allowed no one to come into the room other than his wife and two children. Grandma put hot packs and some sort of poultice on Grandpa's leg, brought his meals, and kept his door locked day and night when he was so ill. Grandpa recovered.

GRANDPA died at their farm in Rogers, Arkansas when he was sixty-five. Shortly after, Grandma left the farm in the care of my Aunt Mamie and her husband. Grandma moved to Washington, where my mother lived about twenty miles west of Spokane. Grandma had a nice upstairs bedroom that was reserved for her in the large house my parents had built. She acted as midwife, nurse, and housekeeper at many neighboring homes, but when Mother needed her, she would always come. When she grew old, Grandma lived with us all the time. In the many years spent together, she and my father never had one single quarrel. How is that for harmony?

About three years before her death, she went back to her farm and daughter in Arkansas, to live the remainder of her life and to be buried beside Grandpa. She died two days before her ninety-fourth birthday. Grandma made hundreds of quilts in her life. A half-hour before she passed away, she was piecing on a quilt.

I HAVE two newspaper clippings about Grandpa's old rifle but do not know the year in which either was written.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 12. (Special Correspondence)—The largest rifle in the state of Arkansas is in possession of J. W. Boyer, of Rogers. The gun weighs 18½ pounds and is .50 caliber, shooting a one-half-ounce round ball. Dick Lock, the noted gunsmith of Paris, Texas, who has had forty years of experience at his trade, affirms it to be the largest rifle he ever saw.

The rifle is a muzzle-loader, and the breech-pin differs from that used in most guns . . . in that it extends into the barrel several inches and is hollow, thus allowing the charge of powder to be enclosed intact in itself. When the ball is put in on top it cannot enter further than the rim of the breech pin upon which it rests. Not alone is the gun a wonder, but the man that owns it is a wonder in his way, being a remarkable marksman. All his skillful shooting is done off-hand, and with common, open sights. Mr. Boyer was born in Snyder County, Pennsylvania, in 1846. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was thus obliged to fight life's battles with but few advantages. From the cradle— almost—he bore a deep love for firearms, and in after years that love never died.

His first gun was an old flint-lock musket as heavy as himself, which he traded for and secretly kept hidden from his grandparents, in an old hollow tree.

His ammunition was powder, slipped from his grandfather's pouch, and gravel from the creek bed used for shot. Even with this poor substitution he brought down considerable game.

During his hunting career Boyer has owned between seventy-five and 100 different guns, and his hunting grounds ranged over several states. In the Allegheny mountains of Pennsylvania he did his first hunting. He then passed a winter on the St. Johns Island of Florida. Here, one of the victims to his unerring aim was a 17½ foot long snake. He next hunted in Macon County, Illinois, where his chief game was the sand hill crane. These wary birds he seldom shot at less distance than one-fourth mile, invariably killing two at a time.

Next in rotation comes the vicinity of the Kiomichi river, Choctaw Nation; then the plains of Kansas, where antelope steak formed his chief diet.

One instance of Boyer's marksmanship was while shooting geese on the Red River northwest of Paris, Texas. He had just dispatched two geese on the opposite shore and was resting with his back to a large tree when an eagle swooped down upon the game. His rifle was empty, but a Colt's six-shooter hung at his side. This he drew up and fired, the ball piercing the bird through the breast. The distance of this shot was 275 yards. The bird measured 7½ feet from tip to tip.

While working at the carpenter trade in Texas Mr. Boyer was one day accosted by an acquaintance and asked if he could defer work for an hour. He said that he could and was at once conducted to a gang of excited sportsmen assembled on the common. A man calling himself "Wild Harry" was boasting of his skill as a marksman, claiming himself to be the crack shot of Texas.

Boyer was pitted against him. Wild Harry's targets were little glass marbles the size of a pea, set on the tips of upright reeds stuck into the ground. Pistols were used at a distance of ten paces. Wild Harry shot and missed four out of six. Boyer used an old-fashioned percussion cap pistol and missed one out of six shots.

Wild Harry claimed it unfair to use the old blunderbus and handed his own gun to Boyer, who carelessly leveled it, bursting four marbles in succession.

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Boyer today claims 150 eye witnesses to that shooting.

During his career he has killed many deer, wolves, antelope, turkeys, geese and other game too numerous to mention. He considers it common shooting to fetch a wolf at 700 yards. He shoots geese and turkeys on the fly, and jack rabbits on the run. With the large gun, formerly described, he guarantees to hit an object the size of a man, every other shot, one-half mile distant. With the same gun he put three shots inside a four-inch circle at the distance of 275 yards. In five shots at 90 yards he cupped three bullets, one on top of the other.

Mr. Boyer affirms he has never been beaten but once, and then by his own daughter. At an early age Mamie was trained to handle a rifle. At the tender age of eleven, she executed the shooting that put her father and other good marksmen in the shade.

Mr. Boyer was building a dance hall on Roebuck lake for the sporting club of Paris. Eight members of the club one day loitered about for some time and finally began shooting at a small snag, out in the lake, some 600 yards. Of the eight sportsmen all missed. Boyer tried his skill. He also missed, but from the splash in the water it was reckoned that he had beaten all other shots.

Mamie was standing near. She now looked up into her father's face and asked: "Papa, may I try it once?"

For answer the gun was handed her, and raising the glistening barrel to a level she carefully pressed the trigger and awaited results. No splash was seen to follow. Once again she fired and this time chipped the edge of the mark. Her first shot had taken center.

Mamie is still an ardent lover of hunting and she remembers with pride the many hunts which she has indulged at her father's side, braving cold winds and snowy weather.

Mr. Boyer has a keener eye today than most young men of twenty, while his nerves are perfectly steady. If this man had been of rich parentage and had had the advantage of most sportsmen of today, it is safe to say that his skill would have been unsurpassed in the world, none excepted. As it is he challenges any man with any gun, that has open sights, to compare skill with him with his large rifle. All shots are to be made off-hand at not less than 150 yards distant.—Camera Bobbs

The other clipping also concerns the rifle which my grandmother sold, much to her regret:

C. D. GUNTER visited J. W. Boyer of Coon creek, near Cherokee City [Arkansas], recently, and while there was shown a relic of the Mexican war in the way of a remarkable rifle that Mr. Boyer secured while a resident of Texas, many years ago.

The rifle was made especially for a gigantic Irishman by the name of McGregor, who died fighting beside Davy Crockett and Col. Bowie in the contest against fearful odds of the Mexican enemy, in the Alamo at San Antonio, Texas.

Originally the rifle was of the flint-lock pattern, and the barrel was four feet long. It carried an ounce ball, and an ordinary man could not level it to his shoulder.

The story that goes with the gun, and no one who has read of the deed of valor that the heroes of the Alamo wrote in letters of blood can doubt it, is that McGregor actually killed 18 Mexicans by using his rifle as a club before he fell, the Mexicans having finally gained entrance to the massive stone fortress and turned the combat into a hand-to-hand conflict.

Mr. Boyer has had a tube put in the rifle to replace the flint lock, and has had nine inches of the barrel cut off, yet Mr. Gunter declares it is all he can do to place it to his shoulder.

Mr. Boyer is an expert shot with a rifle, and not long ago killed a bald eagle at a distance of 350 yards. He had been offered large sums for his gun, but refuses to part with it, as he prizes it highly for its striking size and historical value.

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Iron Queen

(Continued from page 35)

while bats flew in and out and circled overhead, it was almost more than a boy could stand. It also didn't help if one thought of the large dark stain still remaining on the kitchen's wooden floor where, it was said, an angry cook had beheaded a co-worker with a meat cleaver. Whether this story was true or not, I do not know; however, I can vouch for a dark stain on the floor, for I have seen it many times.

The Southern Hotel finally was destroyed by fire on March 31, 1926, thus erasing the last visible monument to the dream city of New Birmingham, a town that was to have become an industrial giant.

To those traveling Route 69 south, on the outskirts of the city of Rusk in eastern Texas, you may hear a whisper aloft among the tall pines that border the modern four-lane highway. It might be just the wind, or it might be the hushed roar of blast furnaces or steam engines—the Ghost of New Birmingham.

Shooting Star Massacre

(Continued from page 25)

a fifth person, how did he manage to do it with a single-shot rifle which had to be loaded between each shot? Now imagine a typical hogan, with just one big room and everyone sleeping there. When Dan fired the first shot, it surely would have alerted the rest of the people—and if it did, how did he kill the rest of them with such well-placed bullets? Why didn't some of them escape while Dan was reloading the rifle? Remember Nakinolin's wife dragged herself outside after she was shot, and Dan was supposed to have taken time to go outside and hack her to death with an axe.

Zani Yashi claimed that she was sit-

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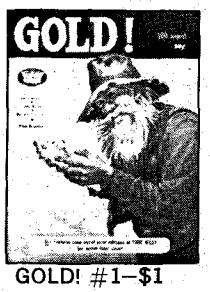
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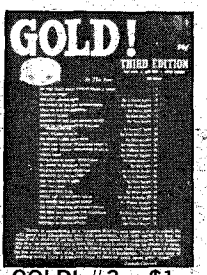
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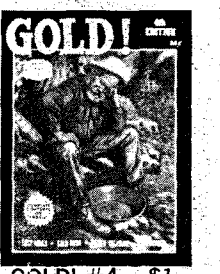
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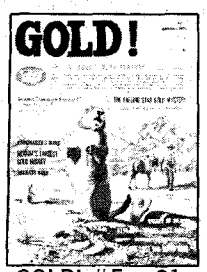
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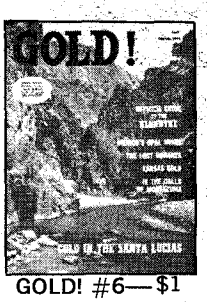
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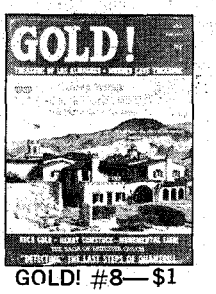
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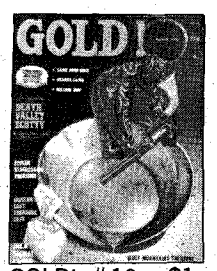
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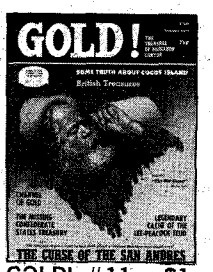
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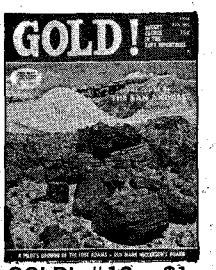
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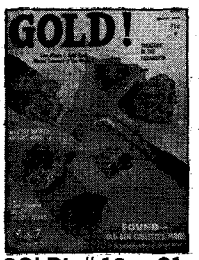
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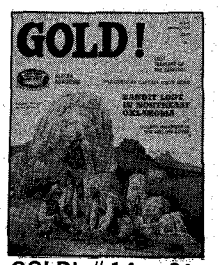
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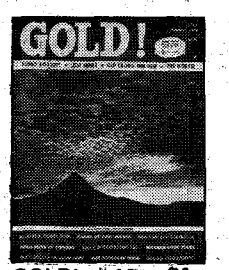
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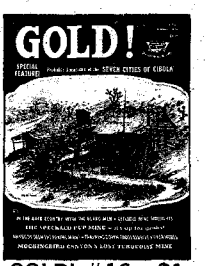
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ting, nursing her son, when she was shot. Why did she sit there and calmly nurse her child until Dan got around to shooting her? Finally, if Dan committed the murders alone with only the one gun, why did Zani Yashi point at him and David, saying, "Those two boys did it"?

All in all, it seems highly unlikely that one boy, with one gun, shot five people in succession, using a weapon that wouldn't fire just a few hours after the tragedy.

A Doctor's Promise

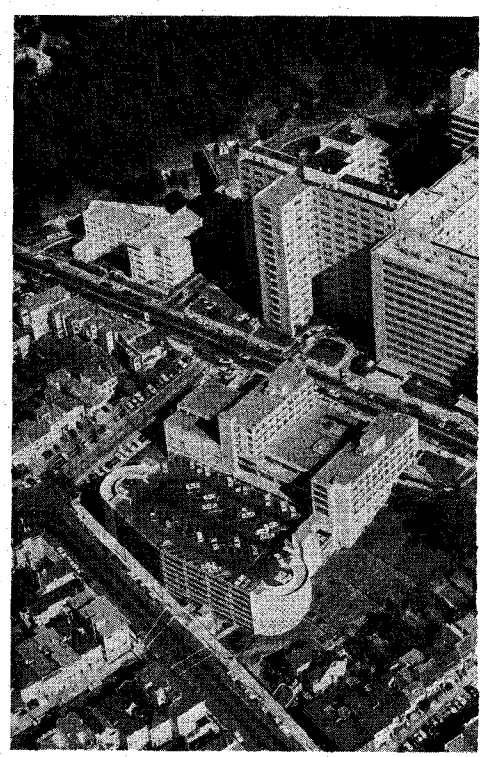
(Continued from page 41)

ciscans as he was a tall man, well over six feet, had piercing blue eyes, black hair and a determined jaw with a full beard. He was usually in a long black cape and his manner was rather austere.

But he was extremely skilled and instilled confidence in those he treated. It was said his income as a physician amounted to $50,000 a year. A tireless individual, Toland saw private patients in the mornings, and often as many as one hundred clinic (charity) patients in the afternoon. He made many home visits as well.

Dr. Toland also owned a drug store for fifteen years and during that time dispensed 581,000 prescriptions. A story is told about his having a mail-order clientele. When miners in the mountains sent for medicine, he dispensed from one of two barrels. One was labeled "Anti-Syph" and the other "Anti-Scrof" (scrofula was the general name given to tuberculosis), depending upon the description of the patient's symptoms.

Dr. Toland became the first visiting surgeon of the United States Marine Hospital, and the president of the first University of California Medical Center.



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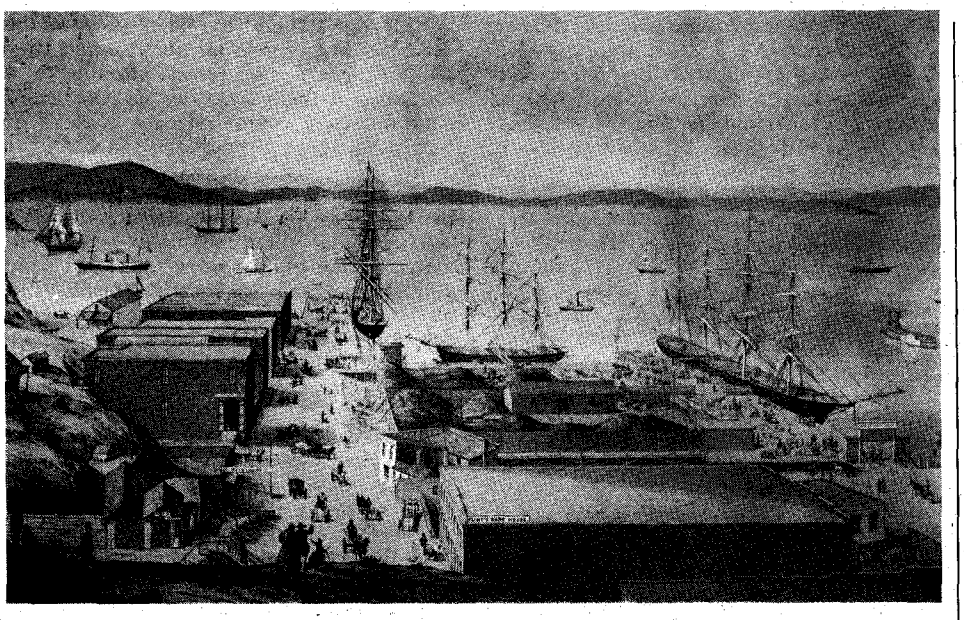
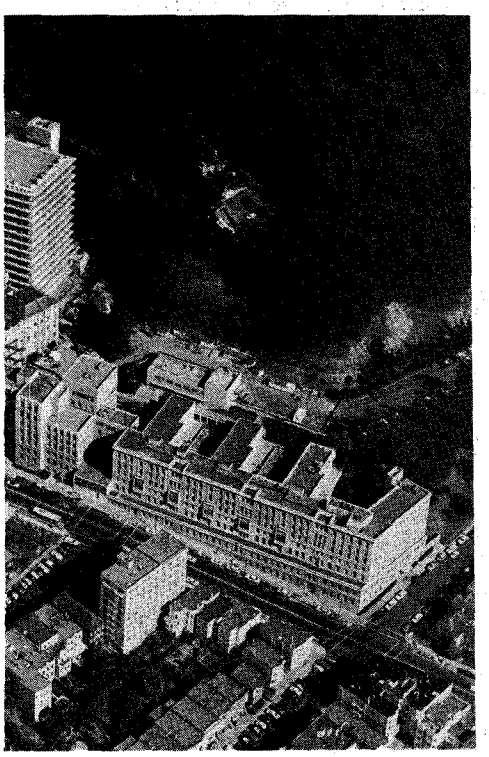


San Francisco Bay in the early 1800s.

board of health established in California, holding that office until his death. He became noted as a bone surgeon; he discovered the fact that bone could be reproduced and by proper excision of fractured or diseased bone a new one would grow from either end to unite parts. He performed the first successful surgery on club feet.

In 1864 Dr. Toland, aware of a need for a school of medicine, built a handsome stone and brick building at Pfeiffer and Stockton between Chestnut and Francisco, and later built an adjoining wing which he stocked with the latest medical, surgical, and chemical appurtenances. That was the start of Toland Medical College which became the nucleus for the present University of California School of Medicine.



CALIFORNIA'S first constitution when it became a state (1849-1850) had provided for a public university. The first president of the university, established in 1868, relied upon textbook, lecture and recitation as an approach to instruction.

In 1870 Dr. Toland offered Toland Medical College to the regents of the university. The offer was accepted but withdrawn by Toland when they refused to name the new medical department after him. Three years later negotiations were re-opened and through the efforts of Dr. R. Beverly Cole, a faculty member at Toland Medical College, the two schools were affiliated with the promise that the medical school building would be named Toland Hall.

In addition to the lot and building on Stockton Street, the university also came into possession of an adjacent lot and building on Chestnut Street, together with various medical equipment, a museum and library, worth between $75,000 and $100,000. This affiliation laid the foundation for what has since become one of the largest medical centers in the western United States.

Dr. Toland and Dr. Cole had once been bitter enemies, publicly denouncing one another during the murder trial of Edward McGowan, accused of complicity in the murder of James King of William. James King of William (he had added his father's name to distinguish himself from many other James Kings) was editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin* in 1857. He had written a scathing editorial against a San Francisco supervisor, James Casey —an ex-convict who had attained his position through bribery.

Incensed at this editorial attack, Casey, with the connivance of McGowan, shot King, and the wound proved to be fatal.

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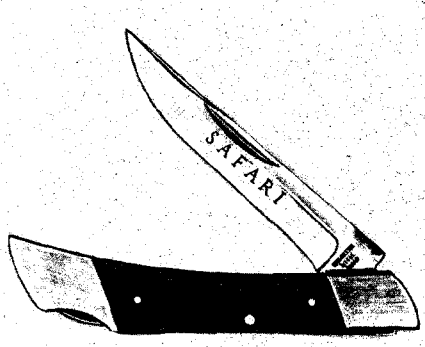

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Dr. Cole, a younger man who had arrived in San Francisco two years before Dr. Toland, was one of the doctors who attended King, as he was surgeon-general on the staff of the Grand Marshal of the Vigilance Committee. Dr. Toland was among another team of doctors who also treated the wounded man. Historians disagree which of the doctors attended him first but notwithstanding, it is recorded that Cole viciously attacked Toland's handling of the case.

At a medical meeting in Sacramento he accused Dr. Toland of malpractice, and later made insulting remarks against him at the trial of McGowan. (Casey had been dragged from jail and put to death by 2,600 men, taken to Fort Vigilante and hanged). The jury, despite the testimony, declared King died of a bullet wound inflicted, regardless of treatment.

King's death brought about a great change in San Francisco. A Vigilante Committee had been organized in 1851 but proved a failure as the leaders were innately adverse to taking the law into their own hands and punishing the criminals. Upon King's death, however, the Vigilante Committee was hastily reorganized. People stood in line for blocks waiting to enroll. Even the militia stopped guarding the jail to join. The numbers of the Vigilantes soon swelled to 5,000 members, dedicated to a relentless pursuit of criminals.

Just a dozen years later Dr. Cole and Dr. Toland worked side by side. They put aside their personal enmity in the interests of medicine. In 1870 Cole joined the staff of Toland Medical College, becoming Professor of Physiology and Diseases of Women, and Dean of the Toland faculty. It was these two men who decided to negotiate for articles of affiliation with the University of California, a combined effort to make a vast contribution to the teaching of medicine.

EIGHT YEARS after Mary's death, Hugh Toland had married for the third time—and for the third time he chose a bride named Mary. The third Mrs. Toland bore him a son, Hugo, who became a matinee idol in New York City in the '90s.

It was not until 1877 that the time came for Hugh Toland to keep his promise to the mother of his second wife, the beautiful young woman who had died so tragically and whose body had been so carefully preserved and revered in her glass-covered casket in his office for twenty-five years. This man, so gruff on the outside but sentimental on the inside, took his beloved Mary back to South Carolina. She is buried in a cemetery at Ebenezer. Her epitaph reads: "No one so beautiful as she, Fairest of form and face, A queenly mien with modesty, Crowned with every other grace."

Dr. Toland returned to San Francisco and died there on February 27, 1880.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 47)

nothing more than dreams of the distant future, the concept of weightlessness was foreign to the average person.

Riders got their first idea of what the Haunted Swing was all about when they waited for their turn on it. Standing in a darkened hallway that led to the ride's entrance they could hear the shrieks of fear from those already embarked on the swing.

When the screams subsided a man appeared from behind the curtain that hid the ride and calmly explained to those waiting that only sixteen people could ride at one time. He also suggested that anyone with a weak heart or prone to fainting should get a refund on his ticket, as the management couldn't be responsible for his safety once the ride began.

Pulling back the curtain and opening a door a few feet beyond, he ushered the sixteen lucky persons into a small room. It could have been anyone's living room of that period. Common things found in typical homes were visible.

Large paintings were hanging on the walls; a baby carriage with a blanket tossed over it was parked in one corner; a bookcase with a half-dozen shelves partially filled with books sat against a wall. On a couple of the shelves the end books stood slanting to hold the row of books upright.

On a small table stood a lighted lamp. A velvet tablecloth was draped over that table and nearly touched the floor. An open book also occupied space on the table. Dozens of other objects filled the room from heavy high-backed chairs to a small organ. The windows of the room had delicate lace curtains covering their frosted glass. On the floor was a fine wool carpet.

The only unorthodox thing apparent was a huge cylindrical beam that stretched between two walls about midway between ceiling and floor. It was nearly a foot in diameter and polished to a mirror finish. It appeared to be securely fastened to the walls with heavy duty bolts.

Suspended from this beam by two-inch diameter rods was a rowboat-shaped object. In it were four benches that could accommodate four people each. This was the infamous Haunted Swing.

UNDOUBTEDLY those who had waited an hour or so to get on this ride must have wondered what could be so terrifying about it. But within minutes after being seated they found out why they had heard cries of panic seeping into the darkened corridor.

The man who had ushered them in gave a little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, putting in his voice a note of excitement tempered with caution, "you are now about to embark on one of the strangest journeys mortal man has ever taken. Let me assure you that the swing is perfectly safe as long as you sit back and relax. If anyone should try to jump out that would be a different matter. May I caution you to hold tight to the children. And now, I bid you *adieu*. You will enter an enchanted land in which the law of gravity has been repealed."

He flashed the riders a smile, and walking to the rear of the swing gave it a strong steady push. Like all swings it

(Continued on page 56)

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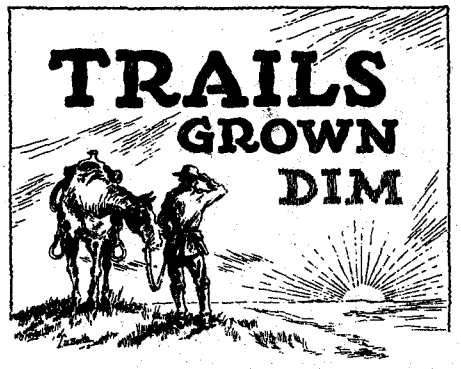

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Woodward-Pegram-Smith-Baker-Dunn

Legend has it that my great-great-grandfather, John Peter Woodward, came from Maryland to Virginia and married Elizabeth Pegram in Dinwiddie County, Virginia about 1766. It is evident that Elizabeth Pegram, born 1750, was the daughter of Edward and Mary Scott Baker Pegram. I know nothing of the family of John Peter Woodward, but believe he may have been related to Sterling and Linn Woodward of Dinwiddie County.

My great-grandfather, Baker Woodward, born in 1795 in Dinwiddie, Virginia, was the youngest of twelve children born to John Peter and Elizabeth. He was married, probably in 1816, and had three children: George Benjamin Pegram, my grandfather; John Daniel; and Lucy Rebecca. They were born 1817, 1819, and 1820 respectively. I am most interested in finding out to whom Baker Woodward was married.

Baker apparently moved his family to Davidson County, Tennessee about 1822 to where some of his older brothers had preceded him. Baker married Martha Pearcy of Wilson County, Tennessee in 1824. He died in Wilson County near the village of Norene in 1832.

My grandfather, George B. P. Woodward, married Mary E. P. Atkin in Davidson County, Tennessee in 1840, and after her death, married in 1861 my grandmother, Sarah Elizabeth Smith. She was the daughter of Winn B. and Sarah Susan Baker Smith of the Antioch community near Nashville. My grandfather and grandmother and two of her sisters' families (the Benjamin Barnes and the Green Halls) came by covered wagon to Arkansas in 1880. Grandfather's brother, John D. Woodward, married Mary Ann Kephart and lived at White Bluff, Tennessee. His sister, Lucy R., married William A. Dunn and lived at Kingston Springs, Tennessee. They had a son, Lewis Dunn, and a daughter Rebecca. I should like to hear from any descendants or from anyone with any knowledge of these people.—Mrs. Rita Woodward Hulsey, 1519 North 39th Street, Fort Smith Arkansas 72901

Logan-Connelly-Beals-Hammer-Mills-Janeway

Samuel Logan was born on March 19, 1792. He married Margaret W. Connelly, born November 1, 1792, probably in Pleasantville, Iowa. Samuel died August 27 or November 1, 1865. The date listed in Margaret's obituary is the August date. Margaret died at Pleasantville, Iowa on February 11, 1881 at eighty-eight. She bore thirteen children, one of whom died in infancy.

David Beals, Jr. was born on March 13, 1803. He married Rachel Hammer on January 25, 1826. No information is available on Rachel. David Beals, Jr. died in 1896 at Coin, now College Springs, Iowa.

John Mills was born in 1807 in Jefferson City, Tennessee. He married Mary Janeway in 1827 or 1828. The proper spelling of Janeway is uncertain. Mary was born in Jefferson City, Tennessee, date unknown, and died somewhere in Iowa on July 28, 1846. John died November 10, 1853, place name unknown.

These families are my maternal ancestors and I would appreciate information. —Mrs. Evelynne M. Ritter, 56 Calle El Avion, Camarillo, California 93010

Kelley-Morgan

I am interested in corresponding with anyone who knows of an Aron F. or Carl Kelley, an Irishman, who may have lived in Gering, Nebraska around 1892. He was married to a Cherokee Indian woman. There is a story about a bobcat attacking and trying to kill this woman when she was a baby. The story claims that at one time the bobcat's skin hung in the Gering post office. Can anyone clarify this?

If anyone knows of a Tunie Morgan who lived in Union Dale, Pennsylvania in 1882, please write. I believe she was a schoolteacher and may have had a brother, J. C. Morgan, who went West that same year.—Mary Oxford, Route 2, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701

Baird

I would like to hear from any of the children of Frank and Fannie Baird and Frank's sister Mattie. The Bairds were originally from Ireland. Frank, my mother's uncle, was a baker and old-time Oregon settler. Fannie lived to see her late nineties and died a few years ago.—John G. Simpson, Route 1, Box 1945, Meadow Vista, California 95722

Larry, Ed and Cliff Lowry

It is very important for me to find one of the Lowry brothers, either Ed or Cliff. They were from Texas. Cliff was married in Lordsburg, New Mexico about 1940. I was Maid of Honor and his brother Ed was Best Man. Another brother, Larry, was stationed at Luke Air Force Base west of Phoenix, Arizona.—Georgie Karman Williams, 3810 N. Romero Rd. #36, Tucson, Arizona 85705

Marshal Bob Howland

I would like information on Bob Howland, U. S. Marshal out of Carson City, Nevada around 1864 and any of his descendants or relatives, and those of Burt or Bert Howland who was married to a Hansen in Missouri.

As we know little about the family no dates are known about Bert and his two wives, other than that the second wife gave birth to a son, Levy, who took his step-father's name later.—Cheri Howland, General Delivery, Parks, Arkansas 72950

Gray-Johnson-McCormick

The children of Daniel W. Gray and his first wife were John, Thomas, Amy, Alice and Elizabeth. He and his second wife, Hannah Goodrich, had Eunice, Will, Nat (my great-grandfather), Abner, Homer, Ruth and Ross.

Homer Gray's children were Daisy,

(Continued on page 62)

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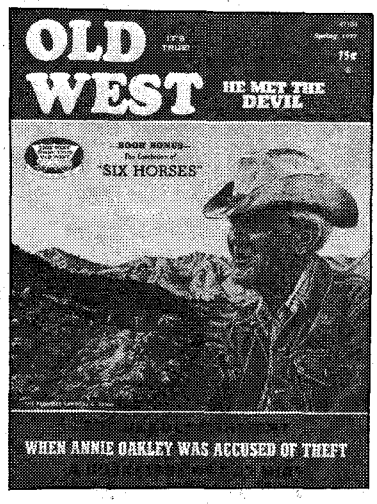
OLD WEST
HE MET THE DEVIL
SIX HORSES
WHEN ANNIE OAKLEY WAS ACCUSED OF THEFT

★★★

faith in the petroleum product as a cure-all seems a natural evolution from an early-day pulpit prophecy: "Nothing but the oil of the earth will cure ye in the latter days."

It's a philosophy at least as old as America. Long before crude oil was refined as kerosene (coal oil), it had soothed both white man and Indian. Revolutionary War soldiers bathed their sore muscles in Oil Creek in Pennsylvania and drank its waters as a purgative. Explorers in Wyoming collected oil from "a great tar spring" and annointed both themselves and their horses.

Texas' first oil well, discovered in 1878 by Martin Mesigin, a Brownwood wagon-yard keeper digging for water, paid off as medicine; Meising poured the 38-gravity crude into four-ounce bottles, which he marketed for 25 cents each as treatment for blood boils and skin diseases. Meanwhile, in what is now Oklahoma, Indians were selling oil which they skimmed from seeps with feathers; it cured rheumatism, they claimed.

A couple of decades earlier, Samuel M. Kier had distilled the crude oil that polluted his father's salt brine well. He called it kerosene and sold it as "a healthful balm from Nature's secret spring." Forty-niners carried Kier's Petroleum Butter west. The subsequent popularity of coal oil in patent medicines, as well as for fuel, spurred John D. Rockefeller to invest in oil. Most homes had a coal oil can, often plugged with a raw potato. In cities, coal oil was sometimes peddled by men on bicycles; in the country, the coal oil can was stored on the wagon for every trip to town.

Long after kerosene was replaced by other fuels in lamps and stoves, it continued to retain its medicinal value. For one reason, the coal oil can was always handy. For another, any treatment which hurt at least as much as the original pain was bound to be effective. Coal oil replaced two honored home remedies: turpentine and gunpowder.

Sometimes folks overdid the treatment. One Texas bullwhacker came down with measles, swigged a cup of coal oil and died the next day. A wise housewife kept a little bottle of ipecac in the medicine chest in case an adventurous child took a drink of coal oil (although a few drops on a spoonful of sugar was said to break up a cold). If coal oil slopped out of the can, it could cause painful blisters. If it was used to clean out the chicken house, it could flash into fire.

IT WAS powerful medicine against pests. One story goes that a rancher discouraged unwelcome supper guests by ordering the cook to flavor the biscuits with coal oil. To keep away other varmints—such as chiggers—pants and shirts were soaked in water and coal oil, then dried. Another trick was to tie the bottom of pants legs with kerosene-treated string. Here is a recipe for a chigger-off salve: three ounces coal oil to one ounce skunk oil, heated on a hot shovel. The smell was not pleasant. To keep away mosquitoes at night, coal oil "smokes" were placed under the bed or a coal oil-soaked cloth was hung at its head. Some folks set the legs of the bed in little containers of coal oil. As a shampoo, coal oil got rid of lice or, at the very least, dandruff.

In addition to its everyday chores—curing tuberculosis, chasing away warts, disinfecting wounds, neutralizing insect and rattlesnake bites, flavoring granny-rag poultices—coal oil had more exotic uses:

To clear the head, gargle with ground grasshoppers in coal oil.

To keep from crying while peeling onions, hold a darning needle, soaked in coal oil, in the mouth.

Today doctors warn that kerosene, inhaled, can increase a respiratory problem. Ingested, it can positively do you in. Well, another old saying on the Plains was, "If it doesn't kill you, it'll cure you."

GENTLEMAN CATTLER RUSTLER

By Florence McCarty

WHAT comes over a young man who "has everything" but chooses to be a criminal? George Howard, like Doc Holliday, was a man of education, charm and apparently money.

Was it the urge for adventure? Was he a criminal at heart or was he, from a psychological standpoint, rebelling at the life forced upon him by ambitious parents? George Howard loved the freedom and life of the frontier. In the 1870s his adventuresome spirit led him from his native Missouri to Northern California to try his luck at placer mining. No record is available as to how he fared. He moved on to The Dalles of the Columbia River and later into Washington Territory and on to Idaho. He made his way to Colorado to the San Luis Valley in the southern part of the state, to Del Norte, and then hiked over the mountains to Summitville to a newly-discovered gold area. He made a stake there and crossed the range to Ouray, which had become a booming mining town.

George Howard, whose real name was George Howard Stunce, was possessed of exceptional good looks and impeccable manners. He was a fine conversationalist and very witty. He had keen perception in judging people, coolly and objectively.

Businessmen and other residents of Ouray quickly became his friends. He was hired as agent for the Meserole and Blake Stage Lines, the owners of which trusted and respected him. They gave him freedom to manage the entire line. This company had a telegraphing service and stations all over Southern Colorado and the San Juan mining area, and even the State of Utah.

Howard's word was soon good for almost any amount of money. He could have been a leading figure among businessmen on the Western Slope but he chose otherwise. In complete charge of the stage line and with free telegraphic privileges, he set about arranging that every stage driver and every stock tender along the line became a man of his choice, ever ready to do what he ordered. He worked for two years organizing a nefarious band of robbers without his employers and the citizens of Ouray ever suspecting that he was dishonest.

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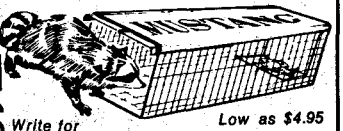
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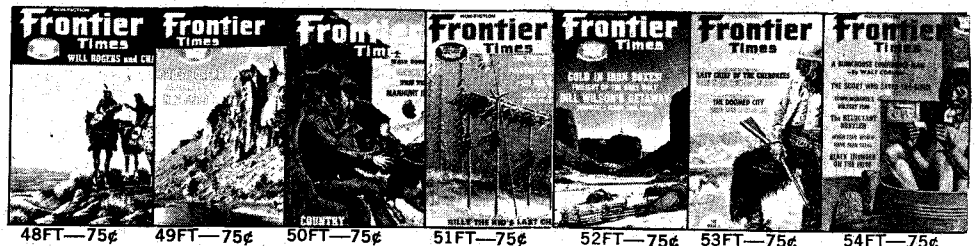

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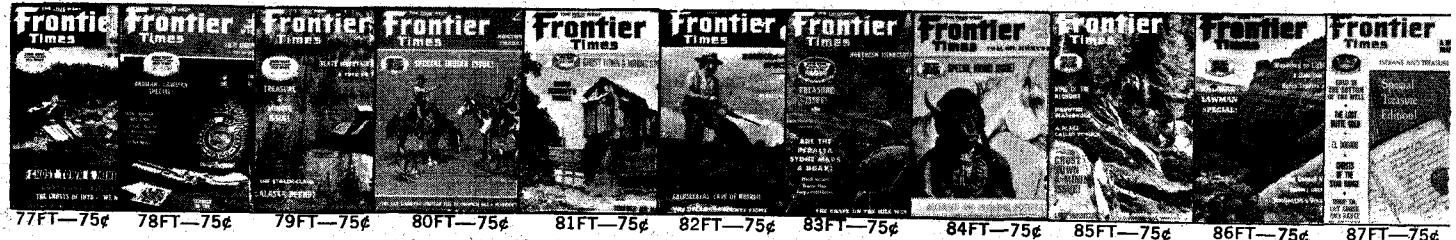

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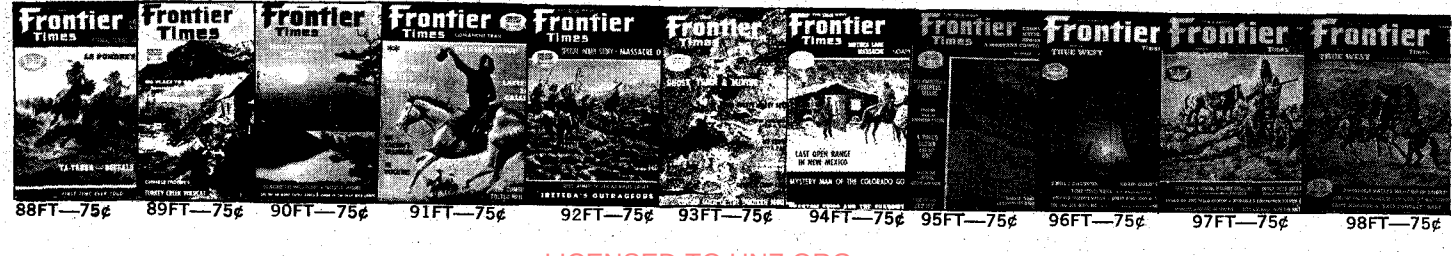

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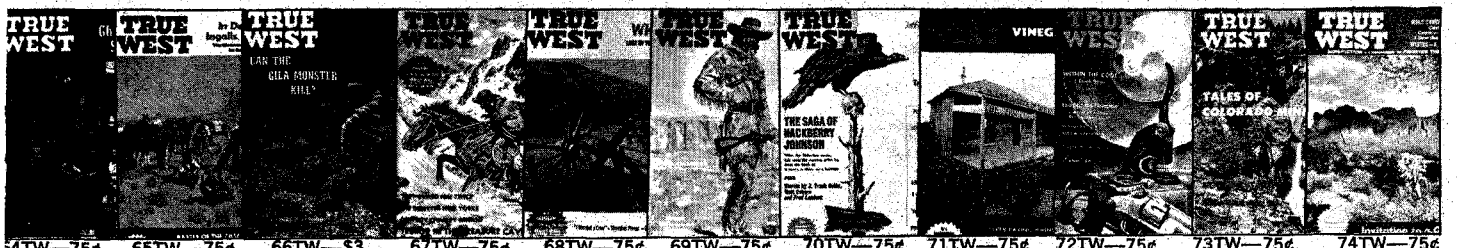

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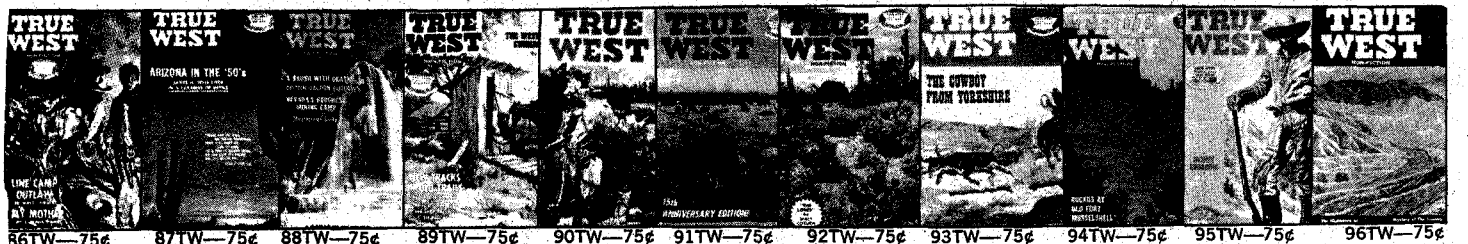

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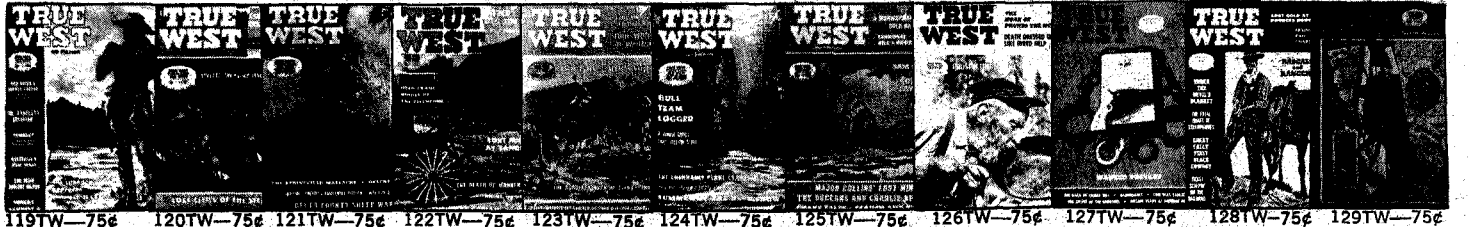

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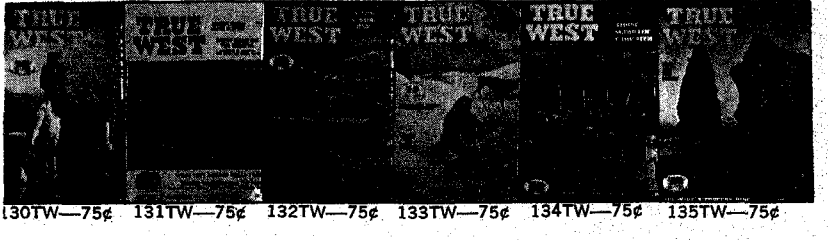

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Then Strayer & Mark, businessmen of Ouray, contracted with him for work and discovered suddenly that Howard was a rogue. They turned against him. But by that time, he was ready to depart. He notified the members of his gang and all headed for Utah and were soon in business for themselves, robbing and rustling. Some of the members of the gang were Doc Bangs, Tom Worthery, Buffalo Dan, John Mathews and Buckskin Jack.

Several people claimed that Howard was connected with the notorious Stocktons of Durango and with them committed cold-blooded murders, but people who knew Howard better claimed he was too shrewd to trust such lowdown characters and would never have associated with them. Howard had expressed contempt for the Stocktons' intelligence and methods, also their cowardice. Howard was a brave man.

THE Grand Valley of Colorado, adjoining the Utah border, was opened up to settlement after the Ute Indians were driven out in September 1881. During the first winter, the government drove in hundreds of head of stock for the new settlers. The citizens also brought in stock. Howard and his gang robbed and rustled in Eastern Utah and Western Colorado the winter of 1881-2. They stole horses as well as cattle, selling to parties near Grand Junction and as far east as Gunnison. They wreaked havoc among the early settlers all winter. Howard had efficiently mapped out all of the areas. He knew every trail. His style was to inspect a herd, initiate some of the herders into the gang, round up the fattest steers, and divide the take.

In 1881 Howard's gang stole about two hundred head of cattle from the Brinks of Eastern Utah, and moved them to the Plateau Valley. Brink and a sheriff of Utah got traces of the cattle and found them in the hands of a horse and cattle thief near Whitewater, Colorado, a few miles east of the new town of Grand Junction. An item in an early Colorado paper reports that the leader of that gang, Leo Howard, was shot and killed by Brink and most of the cattle were recovered. The animals were to have been slaughtered by the gang and sold to railroad construction camps. It is not known if Leo Howard was any kin of George.

In April 1882, after only one winter of robbing, rustling and terrorizing the settlers on the Western Slope of Colorado, George Howard met his fate.

Sheriff Bowman and a deputy, Roe Allison, were on his trail. They drove to Morrison's Ranch near Whitewater, in a buckboard, on April 21 and saw no one around except a man named Monroe and his wife. They talked with Monroe about crossing the river to look for a sawmill site. Bowman pretended to want to enter the lumber business, and after talking a few minutes, they asked if Monroe could accommodate them with some food. Allison sat down behind the buckboard in the blacksmith shop door, while Bowman went in the house to get the lunch. Howard was in the house when Bowman entered and the conversation

(Continued on page 62)

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maps, a four-page index and bibliography. The book has 227 pages.

Unfortunately, Vernam has not included notes. If he had, this effort would undoubtedly be more valuable as a research tool. But footnotes or not, Vernam has produced a fine book that offers some mighty good reading. Recommended.

THE WEST COAST

Harnessed Waters by Jay J. Kalez (Lawton Printing, Spokane, Washington) is a 144-page effort in paper wrappers that, as the author writes, presents "a chronological anthology of the mighty Columbia" from the days of Lewis and Clark until the present. It is profusely illustrated with photographs from the Columbia River Basin areas of Washington, Oregon, British Columbia and Idaho.

Another regional effort is *Yesterday's Los Angeles* by Norman Dash (E. A. Seeman Publishing, Miami, Fla., 1976, $12.95). It is number 26 in the Seeman Historic Cities Series. It is primarily a picture book, but captions and several pages of early written history add much to this 208-page work. While much of the book covers the period from 1890 to 1950, there is a chapter on the very early days of Los Angeles beginning in 1781 when the city was founded.

KANSAS

Anyone who is interested in Kansas history will find special interest in two recently published books. One is *Kansas: the Thirty-Fourth Star* (Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, 1976, $6.00), a 153-page pictorial album of the state's history. Issued in commemoration of the American Bicentennial, the book examines the state's history in photographs, illustrations and maps. Many are in color.

Beginning with the Indians and then examining the Spanish and French exploration, the book spans nearly all periods of the state's colorful history up to the present. Informative captions add clarity and perspective to the pictorial substance of the book. Maps show the routes followed by early explorers, those who traveled the cattle trails north from Texas and the Santa Fe and Oregon-California trails. The book has a good index.

The other book is *Kansas and the West* (Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, 1976, $8.95). It contains a collection of 18 essays on historical subjects written by historians and scholars to honor Nyle H. Miller, the retiring secretary and executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society.

Publication of the book was kept secret until late last year when Kansans gathered in Topeka to honor Miller. On that date he was given a specially bound copy of the book. The effort was financed in part by private contributions. Of 500 copies printed, 400 are for sale. The book contains illustrations, a good index and provides much good reading. Both books are highly recommended.

THE SAN DIEGO STORY

Yesterday's San Diego (E. A. Seemann Publishing Company, $9.95) capably prepared by Neil Morgan and Tom Blair, gives a reader an easy introduction to San Diego's colorful history. This book is No. 21 of Seemann's Historic Cities Series, illustrated with 291 black and white photographs, engravings, drawings and maps representing people, scenes and actions of the period from 1842 to 1945. In a brief chapter the authors describe the Spanish discovery of California in 1542 and settlement of the San Diego Mission by the courageous 5′3″ lame Padre Junipero Serra. Soon after the American takeover in 1847, U. S. citizens broke up the Spanish Mission systems which the Franciscan Friars had built. Morgan and Blair claim when the Mission breakup came, evangelism and slavery had conveniently merged and more than 30,000 Christian Indians tilled the soil under the direction of 60 Padres and 300 soldiers at 21 missions. They cared for 396,000 cattle, 62,000 horses, 321,000 hogs, sheep and goats, and harvested about 123,000 bushels of grain in one year. The thesis of the book is that San Diego is a success story—but a story of success evolving from failures, for San Diego today is the result of unrealized dreams and failures. The city wanted greatness but San Francisco and Los Angeles were closer to gold and easier transportation which boosted industrialization there ahead of slower developments in San Diego.

THE EARPS IN TOMBSTONE

The Earp Brothers of Tombstone (University of Nebraska Press, $3.25) by Frank Waters is the first Bison Book printing of the story of Mrs. Virgil Earp. In the introduction Waters discusses the anatomy of a Western legend and reveals why the book was finally published a quarter of a century after Mrs. Earp had told him the true story of the happenings in Tombstone. It was first issued in 1960, long after Waters had checked out the records in Arizona to find that Mrs. Earp had laid it on the line. This is a must for all those who really want to know what happened in Tombstone while the Earps were there, and the price is right. Recommended.

MEXICAN KICKAPOOS

The former Kickapoo Nation of the southern Great Lakes region has now become far-flung fractionated communities in the Great Lakes area, Kansas, Oklahoma and southern Coahuila, Mexico. The Latorres, Felipe A. and Dolores L., have written *The Mexican Kickapoo Indians* (University of Texas Press, $15.95), a history of a fragment of the tribe that settled in Nacimiento, Coahuila about 100 years ago. This band left the Great Lakes homeland for new habitation in the U. S. Southwest at that time. Civil War American raiders virtually hazed them across the Rio Grande into Mexico. Kickapoo hostility toward intruders into their community has prevented in-depth studies of their history and customs. The Latorres' cooperative strategy overcame the age-long distrust of Coahuila Kickapoos. The authors have demonstrated an ability to relate meaningfully with people in a culture different from their own. When the Kickapoos first went to Coahuila, wild game was abundant, but continued overhunting exhausted this natural source of food. The authors have given the reader a generous account of Kickapoo food growing, storing, preserving and cooking of garden produce and wild game. Kickapoos have found summer employment in

(Continued on page 64)

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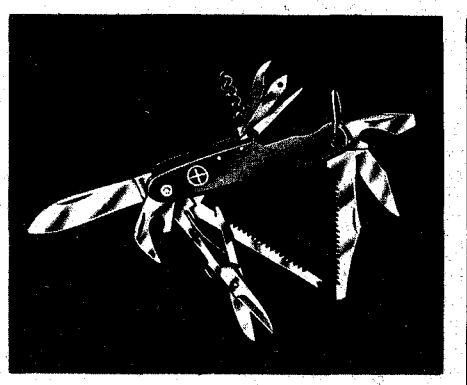

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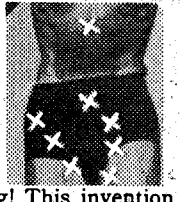

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 60)

drifted to the lumber business. Howard produced a map showing every stand of timber and every trail in the country. After a careful look at the map, Bowman started back to the buckboard, followed by Howard, and when near the shop, Allison recognized Howard and shook hands.

Allison had been deputized so recently, Howard had no way of knowing he was a lawman. After the handshake, Howard allowed his hand to rest loosely on his six-shooter. Noting a shotgun and Winchester in the buckboard, he remarked to Allison, "They are daisies."

Allison touched Bowman with his elbow in warning, but Bowman thinking it was Allison's six-shooter that had bumped him, paid no attention. Allison continued his remarks about inducing his Denver friend to put in a sawmill and began to inquire about the ford, at the same time trying to throw Howard off his guard by climbing in the buckboard in a quiet manner and throwing his shotgun carelessly across his knees in preparation for driving off.

Suddenly Howard volunteered his services as a guide across the river. Allison accepted the offer. Then as Howard turned to go for his horse, Allison jumped from his buckboard, covered him with his shotgun and ordered, "Hands up!" Howard went for his six-shooter and was fired on, both charges taking effect in his side. He began running, his six-shooter now in hand. He tried to run behind a building. Allison was surprised he had not fallen.

Bowman ran around the building on the other side to head him off. By the time Bowman got around the building Howard was about three hundred feet away, running at a fast rate and shooting back. Bowman opened fire with his Winchester, the first shot striking Howard's left shoulder and the second entering the base of his skull and coming out under the right eye, producing instant death.

His person was examined, but nothing of importance was discovered. He had one silver dollar. The body was turned over to Monroe for burial in Gunnison.

The sheriff and posse continued in pursuit of other members of the gang for three days then returned. Meanwhile, Deputy Brown of Grand Junction with two companions went up in the White River country of Colorado in pursuit of Mathews and Wellington. Eventually the outlaws were killed or dispersed and the rustling came to an end. Thus ended the career of a man who was probably capable of reaching great heights but preferred to waste his life in crime. However, George Howard did change history in a way. A good many new ranchers came into the area because of the rustlers. They were trying to find their stolen cattle and had occasion to note the beautiful meadow country and grazing lands. Howard was using what is now known as the Plateau Valley to pasture his stolen animals. These ranchers became the nucleus of a substantial ranching community after the disposal of the Howard gang.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 55)

Guy, Gertrude, Precious, Newton and Luther.

Ruth Gray married George Washington Wills. Their children were Eunice, Elizabeth, Nettie, Clifton, and Lloyd.

Nat Gray married Mary Elizabeth Johnson and their children were Charles, Howard, Elmer, Hannah, Ellen, Perry, Alice, John, May, Eugene, Eunice and Mary.

The Charles Johnson children were Gaily, Loney and Scaneith. Gaily Johnson and his first wife, Frankie Gillingham, had Sarah Ann, William Loney, Charley and Little John. Gaily and his second wife, Elizabeth Brashers, had Mary Elizabeth, Robert and Francis Ann.

Loney Johnson and his wife, Betsy Pettit, had George, Neil, Drueilla, Scaneith, Sara Ann, Pet, Emely and Martha D.

Barman A. McCormick and his wife Sarah Ann Roberts, had Harry, Anna, Maude, Harl and John William. John

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William married Rosa Florence Cantrell and their children were Sarah Caroline, Ola Crage, Ralph George Holmes, Raymond Leo and Isaac B.

I would like information about any of these people and I will answer all correspondence.—Jerry W. Johnson, 44th Finance Section, APO New York 09164

Laughon

My husband's grandfather was born in Florida in 1850 and migrated to Texas sometime after the Civil War. No one knows who Grandfather John Laughon's parents were, as it is said he was disowned by his family for taking a Mexican woman for his second wife.

He was living in Mexico from 1892 until around 1904 and had four children, three girls and one son by his second wife. This son was my father-in-law, John M. Laughon. Grandfather John is buried in San Antonio. He died in 1916.

I am interested in securing information about his family and where he was living before going to Mexico. The last known places he was in were Fowlerton and Corpus Christi, Texas. Any help will be appreciated.—Mrs. Shirlene Laughon, 20807 Wilder Avenue, Lakewood, California 90715

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 61)

Texas which supplies the cash for much of family needs. The Latorres have produced the best ethnic history of Mexican Kickapoo culture and society that we have seen. The history student will also be pleased with a glossary and large bibliography.

VITTLES

Roast corn on cob, ranch beans, Dutch oven stew, sourdough biscuits and some apple crumble! Sound good? You must be reading this before lunch or supper.

Some books make authors drool with envy. Lois McBride's new book *Western Cooking* (David McKay, 1976, $10.95 cloth, $5.95 paper) will make its readers drool for more than obvious reasons. It's filled with recipes. But it's more than simply another cookbook. McBride weaves personal memories and experiences throughout this 272-page book's 13 chapters plus introduction. Many stories hark back to her grandparents' time in the West.

The book not only lays the groundwork for some mighty good eating, but it provides some good reading as visions of Ranch Hash, Hot-Pot Beans, Wyoming Nutbread, Mexicali Corn Bread and countless other dishes unfold.

And her chapter on "Beans Instead of Meat" begins with the statement: "In the Old West, a girl grew up simply knowing how to cook beans. This chapter is for those who need a little help." She then details 14 recipes that will.

For the outdoors person she has included a chapter on camp menus. It includes sound advice on camp cooking, including how to make good coffee on the trail. There's even a unit with helpful advice on selecting trail foods for backpacking.

It's a good book with much Western flavor—flavor that you can actually savor by following the recipes.

THE INDIAN

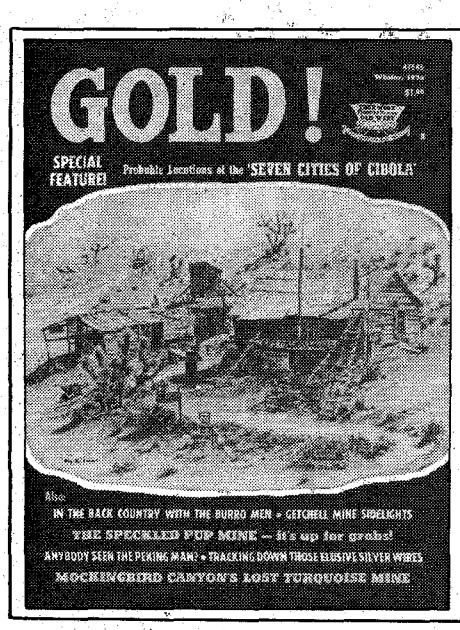
Lovers of Western art will find special interest in two books published late last year. One is *Edward Sheriff Curtis: Visions of a Vanishing Race* with text by Florence Curtis Graybill (Curtis' daughter) and Victor Boesen (T. Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1976, $35.00). This 302-page book contains more than 175 photographs reproduced in sepia. Many are reproduced for the first time from the glass-plate negatives and original prints of photographer Edward Curtis. (He produced the 20-volume set entitled *The North American Indian* between 1907 and 1930. Only 500 sets were produced.)

Most of the photographs are of Indians. But the first 111 pages of this large book—13 by 10 inches in size—are devoted to Curtis' life. Much of the material is based on extensive correspondence spanning the late 19th and early 20th centuries between Curtis and Frederick Webb Hodge of the Smithsonian. Curtis' photos, including some showing him at work in the field, are sprinkled throughout this portion. The last 189 pages contain a portfolio of Curtis' photographs of Indians including Navaho, Apache, Mohave, Walapai, Papago, Sioux, Apsaroke, Arikara, Lummi and others.

There is a good index to the text plus a fine list of all photos included. The book is highly recommended as is another not quite as large—about 10½ by 11¼ inches in size—entitled *People of the First Man: Life Among the Plains Indians in Their Final Days of Glory*. This magnificent book is edited by Davis Thomas and Karin Ronnefeldt (Dutton, New York, 1976, $29.95).

The book contains the firsthand account of Prince Maximilian's expedition up the Missouri River in 1833-34 combined with the fine watercolor art of artist Karl Bodmer who traveled with Maximilian. As Mildred Goosman, curator of Western Collections at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha writes in the book's introduction, "It was not until after World War II, in the early 1950s, that serious inquiries uncovered the existence of the watercolors, field journals, and other items."

Aside from the informative introduction plus the editors' preface, this 256-page book includes six units detailing the journey of Maximilian and Bodmer from St. Louis to Fort Clark. Bodmer's watercolors complement the text. A seventh unit or chapter touches on their journey back down the Missouri and includes more illustrations. At the book's end, just before a good index, there is an eighth unit on Mandan Ethnology. It's a fine contribution to Western art and history.



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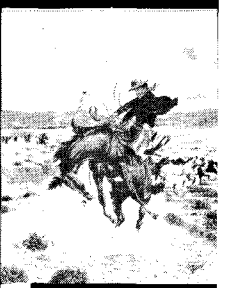
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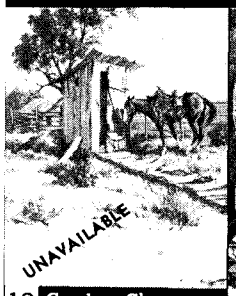

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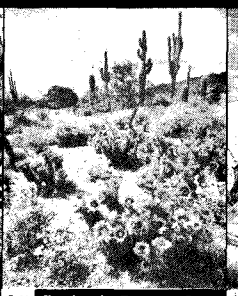
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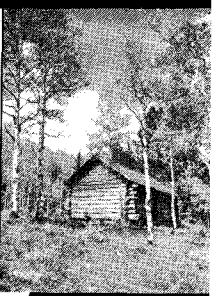
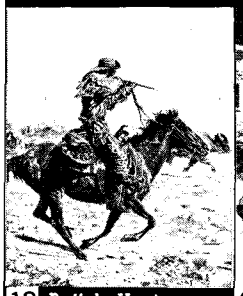
16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian


18 Autumn In Colorado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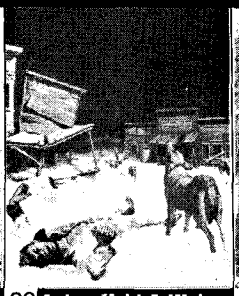
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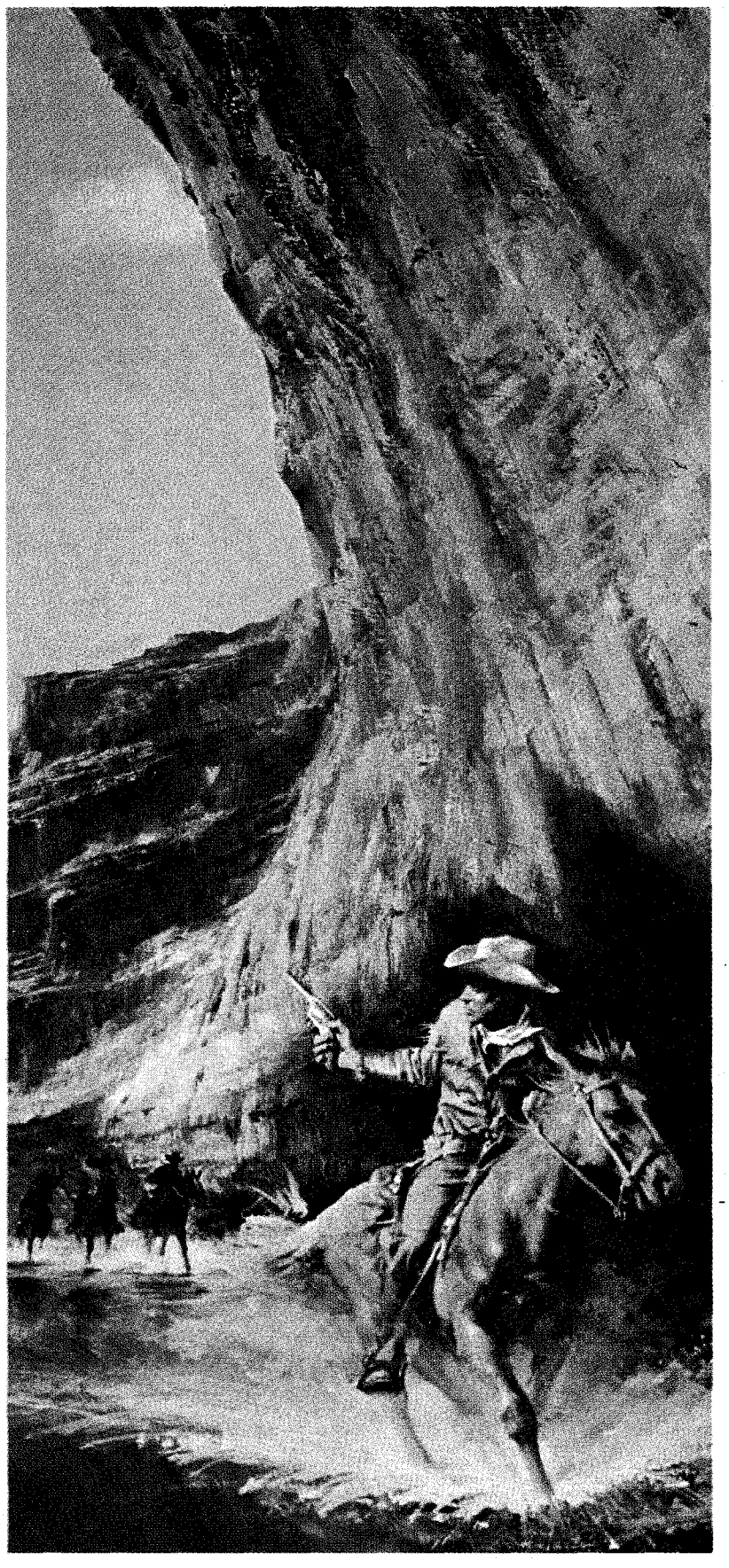

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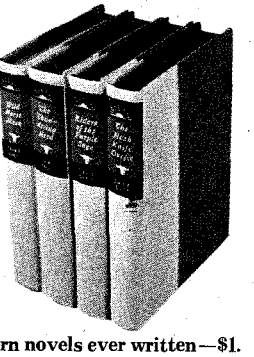

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